

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 13, 1968

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

THE CARIBBEAN
BY SPORT PLANE

BILL MAULDIN

TAKES YOU ON
A FAMILY TOUR

FIRST OF THREE PARTS





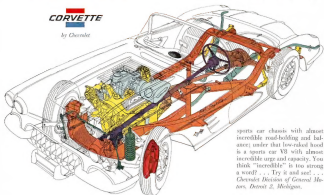
**Brand new... and
bred for action!**

This is a very special car for special people with very particular requirements. We'll grant you it is as sleekly handsome a machine as ever whispered down a boulevard, with an individual flair that is shared by no other. And we'll also concede that its road manners are impeccable, that it moves with a glove-leather suppleness that is obedience personified.

But the real difference between the 1958 Corvette and any other American car is this: It is an authentic sports car. Under that wind-sculptured shape is a superb

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CORVETTE
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sports car chassis with almost incredible road-holding and balance; under that low-raked hood is a sports car V8 with almost incredible urge and capacity. You think "incredible" is too strong a word? . . . Try it and see! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



Man with a tough hair problem

Bill Pluck of New Orleans captains a crack 45-foot charter boat for fishing parties. It's a great life, but Bill's hair takes a beating from sun, wind and spray.

He ticks it with Vitalis

Vitalis keeps Bill's hair in condition when he's having dinner with friends or lining up new charters. His hair never looks greasy because Vitalis grows with greaseless V-7.



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day...and prevent dryness

Whether your hair gets punished by sea breezes or by morning showers, you, too, will like the way Vitalis keeps it in condition. Along with V-7, Vitalis blends refreshing alcohol and other ingredients to give you wonderful protection against dry hair and scalp. Use Vitalis every morning to prevent dryness, keep your hair neat all day the greaseless way.



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Does your headand use a greasy tonic that stains pillow-cases like this?

Greaseless Vitalis with V-7 leaves pillowcases clean - like this.



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



COVER: BILL MAULDON AND BOSS
Photograph by George Hefelt

From left (in the "bein' harlot"), David, Bill and Andy, here photographed by the fourth member of their crew in 39 Pter, co-pilot and friend George Moffett. 99 Pter, of course, is an airplane; and for details of the Mauldins' Caribbean adventures in and with it, turn to page 62.

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Advertisements on page 7

ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

The L.A. Open launches the 1958 winter tour. By HERBERT WARREN WIND

HOT ICE AND FLYING SAILS

In text and IN COLOR, the whirlwind story of high-speed iceboating

CONVERSATION PIECE: SPORTSMAN BING CROSBY

JOAN FLYNN DREYFUS talks with Bing on his favorite offstage subject

CINDERELLA SNEAKERS

The durable footwear of all our youths has grown up in bright colors

SNOW AND SOPHISTICATED

For skiing plus nightlife, there's no place like Aspen. IN COLOR

THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST

In a week of holiday football, no game thrilled like the Rose Bowl

SWEATING IT OUT IN THE CHESS BOWL

No crowds, but intense concentration, marked the college championships. By ROBERT CANTWELL

THE ODYSSEY OF VICTOR SEIXAS

HERBERT WARREN WIND pays tribute to a pollutant tennis veteran

PART I: THE SAGA OF '99 PETE'

The folkloric story of an adventurous airplane journey by BILL MAULDON

THE DEPARTMENTS

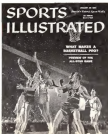
• SCOREBOARD	5	• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	16
• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR	7	• WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	28
• FROM THE FLYWAYS	7	• BONNIE BRIDGEMAN	41
• SNOW PATROL	8	• CARDS ON THE TABLE	46
• COMING EVENTS	9	• THE 10TH HOLE	51
• PAT ON THE BACK	54		

NEXT WEEK THE PROBLEMS OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS

A report from Philadelphia, where the National Collegiate Athletic Association is meeting 5,000 strong to find solutions to urgent matters

PLUS

FOR THE FIRST TIME—SCOUTING
 REPORTS ON 26 LEADING BOXERS
 IN THE SIX HEAVIEST DIVISIONS



Made Better to Make Skiing Easier—More Fun

Forty-five years and still "The Choice of Champions"—still superior in performance, durability, handling ease. For yourself or as a Christmas gift. At your ski shop.

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**F.I.S. selects
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 Sports
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 1958
 Teams



"IT'S OFFICIAL." Both the Nordic and Alpine F.I.S. Teams (Men and Women) selected Duofold 2-Layer Insulated Sports Underwear as an official part of their uniforms for 1958 Competition.

Your F.I.S. Team need and deserve your support. Will you please send your contributions to Mr. Austin Park, Exec. Secy., National Ski Assoc., 1130 16th Street, Denver, Colorado.

DUOFOLD INC. • MOHAWK, N.Y.
 Exclusive Supplier of Underwear to the F.I.S. Teams
 See Large 2-Color Duofold Ad

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STRETCH

SKIPANTS

... your new Ski Legs... Europeans call them "Stark Pants". Sleek, slim, effervescing with the superb fit and workmanship of White Stag in heavy imported Nylon and Wool Balance stretch fabric. For Men and Women... in Black, Light Navy, Alpine Blue, Red. \$39.95

Other White Stag ski pants, \$10.95 to \$39.95

WIN a Pan American World Airways ski vacation (for 2) to three skiing nations and a membership in the exclusive International Pan Am World Ski Club! Entry blanks at authorized White Stag skiwear dealers.



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MEMO

from the publisher

YOU ARE THE QUARTERBACK . . ." read Quarterback Tobin Rote as he sat in the Detroit Lions' dressing room at Briggs Stadium on Saturday morning, December 28, just before suiting up for an important workout.

"You are the quarterback on a team behind 24-27 with four minutes left in the game. Your team has the ball at mid-field—fourth down and four yards to go. What do you do—punt or try for the first down? Explain your strategy."

Rote was not, as the circumstances might suggest, running through pregame skull practice before the playoff with the Cleveland Browns. Instead he was serving as a "playoff" judge in a sports quiz contest which a number of our advertising friends and their families in Detroit recently took, based on facts in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED during the second half of 1957.

When some 35 Detroit students of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED answered all the questions right, the situation called for tie breakers. The tie breakers called for judgment—in this case on golf, sports fashions, baseball and football. And that called for judges. Other experts in their own fields who lent their services along with Rote were Joe Belfore, the professional at the Country Club of Detroit, for golf; Madelyn Coe, Fashion Director of the J. L. Hudson Co., for fashions; and Detroit Tiger Manager Jack Tighe, for baseball. The eventual selection of the judges as winner was Mr. G. M. Millar of Grosse Pointe, who is an account executive at Brooke, Smith, French and Dorrance.

A few million people who watched Tobin Rote in action now know that the problem posed in the question he judged was never a problem for him on the following day. With four minutes left in the real game, in fact, he was sitting on the Lions' bench, enjoying a 53-14 lead over the Browns which his judgment and good right arm had gone a long way to make.

When the game was over some Detroit readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with whom Tobin Rote had not entirely agreed the day before, had no complaints. For along with the rest of Detroit, the Cleveland Browns and most of the country, they agreed that you could hardly have picked a better man than Tobin Rote to judge a football question.



JUDGE ROTE

Harry Phillips

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

HO—season open; **SC**—season close; **C**—close earlier; **R**—early close, only; **N**—no season; **light** **SH**—slightly light; **H**—high; **NH**—very high; **M**—water mid; **L**—low; **NL**—rising; **WTB**—water fall; **PG**—fishing post; **F40**—fishing city post; **FF**—fishing fall; **FP**—fishing post; **OG**—outlet post; **OGV**—outlet very post; **OF**—outlet fall; **OF**—outlet post.

BLACK BASS: **LOUISIANA:** PG in Black Bayou where 2 and 3-year-olds are smacking Bass Masters in shallow water. Good results also reported from Black Lake near Caneport and from Cross Lake and Lake Brichicola near Shreveport. Elsewhere, cold weather and high water have slowed proceedings.

MINNESOTA: Few 3-year-olds being taken from streams leading into Bay of Hillel but anglers in central and south Minnesota enjoying and enjoying. **OP.**

MINNESOTA: Weather snappy in Tennessee, too, but dugged and well-insulated anglers taking confident straits of bass from nearly all lakes. Best catch of week was a 15-pound 3-year-old angler caught in Tennessee's Lake by Dr. Ellis Walker of Hickson, Calif. was only 1 ounce under state record taken last winter by same angler in same lake.

BENEFISH: **MASSACHUSETTS:** PGV OVG with Bang Club on Abnott Island center of activity. On New Year's Eve, club celebrated 1,314th fish of season. Silver trophy for 1,500th went to Stan Gorman of Kansas City, Mo., who added a 7-pound bass to his list.

STEELHEAD: **WASHINGTON:** Water L and C and mid, dry spell returning steadily to rivers where WT is averaging 10-15". Nooksack River anglers moving with ladders at Frog Pond above Ferndale. PG in Search River for 14-year-olds from Highway 55 bridge to spot a quarter of mile downstream. Shaght River producing snippets from 6 to 14 pounds in Lyman

stretch. However, collection of fish is dark, indicating long stay in fresh water. Majority of catches being made on single egg roiled along bottom with quarter-ounce lead sinker; **OG.**

CALIFORNIA: PG, although low days of clear weather should improve such coastal streams as Gualala, Noyo, Big and Garcia. Some steelhead taking bait in Sacramento but not FFP.

WESTERN COLOMBIA: FF, GG, although with, strong weather creating unsettled stream conditions. On mainland, Tishler, Chubb and Coquella yielding good sport, while on Vancouver Island, Cowichan, Nanaimo, Puntledge and Salmon are attracting anglers. Steelhead fishing at Quinsam, Fraser and Quinsam are up to snuff, but OVG for next two weeks if heavy rains don't bring stream levels too high.

WABOB: **MASSACHUSETTS:** PG with fish concentrated in vicinity of Six Shillings Cape 26 miles northeast of Nantux. Last week J. F. Barnes and George M. Grant of West Calgary, Alberta, fishing from Barnes's sport fisherman's Allegro Calgary, weighed in four 3-lb steelhead catches. Habitat was Barnes's 50-pound 12-year-old wabob, which took top honors in Baitman's Wabob Runabout.

PACIFIC SALMON: **BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Strong weather has kept trappers and mooners ashore for most of past week, but rain spells have produced spring salmon and grise in Bismarck Bay and Saanich Inlet; **OG.**

PACIFIC YELLOWTAIL: **BRITISH CO.** out of Columbia, with good catches being made off Lighthouse Point, Cabo Arco and Punta San Antonio. Some fish also at mouth of Guaymas harbor, and anglers are achieving results by trolling whole mackerel, Martin plugs or spoons; **OG.**

STRIPED BASS: **CALIFORNIA:** Few anglers active, but OG as last week Frank's Trout produced a 44- and a 42-pounder.



ANGLER-SLUGGER Ted Williams takes time on Puerto Rican trip to explain big game rod to San Juan Little League Ed Clapp.

ATLANTIC SALMON: **NEWFOUNDLAND:** Year-end report on salmon sport fishery in Newfoundland shows that a total of 25,000 fish were taken by anglers in 1955, an increase of 5,000 over 1954. Average weight of fish was just over 4½ pounds, with the largest reported a 48-pounder taken from upper River of Fundy on west side of northern peninsula; **OGV** for 1955.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

R—near; **R**—near; **F**—far; **T**—temporary; **EF**—early flight; **FF**—fall flight; **GF**—good flight; **EF**—early flight; **ODW**—good duck weather; **SC**—season close for ducks; **BN**—banded water; **PG**—post; **PG**—fall; **PG**—post; **GG**—good; **OG**—outlet; **OGV**—outlet very; **OF**—outlet fall; **OF**—outlet post; **OGV**—outlet very post; **OD**—season open for ducks.

BRIDE ISLAND: SC Jan. 15 and OG for GG during last week with mallard population up. Also 1,000 speakers are committing between Rhode Island and ponds and islands off Cape Cod. GG of wildgeese and ducks are on Narragansett Bay.

MARYLAND: PG-GG for canvasbacks in Chesapeake, Potomac and Patuxent rivers, with EG in small, deep-water coves of Patuxent southeast of Washington. PG for loons in Kent County. However, goose shooting generally poor on Eastern Shore. GP for ducks, too, as geese hoping GDW will bring in more birds, but warblers predict there are no more birds to come. SC Jan. 15.

VERMONT: GG for loons on James River but PG for ducks except on southern end of Penobscot River where it enters Chesapeake Bay.

NORTH CAROLINA: GDW making OG for last week of season with EF of gulls, gadwall

and bluebirds present on Outer Banks. OG also for loons. Redheads and brand in good number in Pamlico Sound area near Dare County and Hatteras. Hunters are doing well from stake and point blinds, as well as rock loons.

FLORIDA: SC Jan. 15 and OG with SF of birds. Some ducks and mallards in central state regions, but numbers well below average. Best but none in area north-west of Lake Okechobee, where normally dry marshes are holding water and large flocks of birds, particularly along western bank of Kissimmee River.

LOUISIANA: EF of mallards now moving down Red River in northwest state, and agent reports PG. In northeast Louisiana mallards present in the thousands, but so scattered that OF PG.

CALIFORNIA: Sacramento Valley GG with GF of big mallards and ptarmigan. Patient shooting necessary, however, as birds are concentrating in open areas. San Joaquin Valley birds report morning GG and OG until SC Jan. 14, 1955.

CALIFORNIA: GG as peak of season is past. Imperial Valley also-operated shooting areas reported last week that 475 hunters bagged 457 ducks and 24 geese. Colorado River still offering GG. However, geese needed to keep birds moving.

OREGON: EF watched through Willamette Valley and water in even and grain stubble fields make conditions ideal. Dupon, Albany, Corvallis and Portland area all report EG for

mallards, ptarmigan, wildgeese and teal. New flight of loons have moved into Hickman and Corvallis wintering grounds, where hunter hunting now rated as best of season. OVG until SC Jan. 14. However, had news his Willamette Valley when files and Ron Hardman, who manage 300-acre farm south of Salem, announced that had will be going against hunting next year because of greater vandalism.

WASHINGTON: GG on Saanich and Seallagaish off coast, but GP in rest of state. Although EF at birds as Puget Sound, Columbia Basin and Yakima Valley. GW proceeds as ducks are still moving. Few geese in evidence, but brass beginning to show in Dungeness and Grays Harbor areas.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Heavy winds and flooded fields have combined to offer GG in Fraser Valley and on Vancouver Island. GG should continue until SC Jan. 15, though birds are wary. FF of least near Boundary Bay and at Mary Island, Svaney Island and Seal Island to the north; OG and OD through February 15.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SNOW PATROL

SPOT TO SKI: MT. SPOKANE

Every skier in the Pacific Northwest had something to be thankful for when the new area at Mt. Spokane opened its lift and lodge for business last year. For one thing, Mt. Spokane offered a 4,400-foot double

chair lift, which took some of the tremendous pressure off the other major lifts in the ski-snow states of Washington and Oregon. Furthermore, the trails at Mt. Spokane are covered from December well into March with real powder snow, so dry it squeaks when you walk on it, a rare thing in wet, wet Washington, where the usual blizzard settles onto the earth like a heavy helping of mashed potatoes.

The nearest big town, Spokane, is only 30 miles away, on a good road, but being chains for the last short stretch from the turnoff into the area. Most of the business on the mountain comes from families up from the city for the day. Parents and older children usually ski the big mountain, es-

pecially the two-mile trail down the lift line, with its 1,520-foot vertical drop. The lift-line run is also a favorite for gangs of high school schmoosers a.s. However, there is plenty of action for the small fry on the two double rope tows—one 800 feet long, the other 400 feet—and the two single ropes—1,400 feet and 100 feet. The lodge at the bottom of the big lift has a cafeteria bar no less.

Incidentally, the lift prices here are a real bargain: \$3.25 for an all-day ticket, good on the chair and the rope tows. Tips bring warm clothes (quality parkas are best), because in January and February the wind really howls around the top of the mountain.



DOUG HAHN (LEFT) AND STEVE MURRELL, both from Spokane, strike up with coffee and talk before braving wind

around summit of Mt. Spokane (background). Note to railroad, frozen-out eastern skier: snow in foreground is real.

SKIING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Be sure to check resorts for latest condition changes

UP—status of runs on upper slopes and trails LO—status of runs on lower slopes and trails CR—crowd last Saturday SN—status of snow last week

■ FAR WEST

Mount Spokane, Wash. Skiing perfect with warm sun and hard-packed powder snow. Junior Whitener skin suits with college crowd. UP 80, LO 100, CR 1,000, SN 5.
Stinson Pass, Wash. Skiing excellent. Best snow on Seventh Heaven trail off top of Bartley. Vacationers just back from Switzerland sporting (Hans) corded oxen parkies and ski skins. UP 120, LO 80, SN 3, CR 1,000.

Government Camp, Ore. Skiing excellent last weekend in beautiful, clear weather. Ski school, teaching rotation system, spotting good snows. Just many skiers leaving Austrian resorts shoulder on their own. UP 61, CR 1,000.
Badger Pass, Calif. New snow made skiing excellent on all runs. Austrian cardigans, baggies, French gloves are favorites of mid-western hordes. Skiing slick in top condition. UP 24, CR 2,000.

Reddy Ridge, Calif. Rarest powder skiing. UP 54, SN 0, CR 1,000.

Spokane Valley, Calif. Light powder snow over packed base. Pure mud in Valley still making skiing difficult. UP 68, CR 1,000, SN 5.

Deep Bowl, Nev. Skiing generally good but new snow needed to cover cork. Junior program has 1,000 enrolled. UP 50, CR 500, SN 4.

■ WEST

Aspen, Colo. Snow conditions excellent. Ski-tipped girl skiers wearing spectacular red-and-blue striped baggies. Hotel Jerome has new supper club with dancing and gourmet's dinner at 10. UP 40, LO 10, CR 2,000.

Northwood Pass, Colo. Lodge open and skiing good. Junior skiers on Hall's Hall Area every Sunday. Metal skiis favorite. UP 40, CR 300.

Bridgeport, Mont. Mount Hot skiers using camera shoulder to round bumps on New Run. Deep powder experts enjoying Avalanche SN 10.

Big Horn, Idaho. Area arranged with small fry trying to learn in French. SN 3, CR 1,000.

Big Bear, Idaho. Skiing excellent. FIS Nordic-ski-instruction trail used by Leo Hanna of Malibu. N.J. Kanner-up Olympians. Mark Miller of McCall, Idaho. UP 42, CR 200, SN 0.

Snake Pt. Basin, N. Mex. Skiing very good on fresh powder. UP 20, CR 1,000, SN 4.

■ MIDWEST

Perkasie Mt., Mich. Perfect snow brought biggest crowds in area's history. SN 12.

Nix Mt., Mich. Skiing good on 8-inch packed base. CR 1,000.

Stuberia, Mich. Powder skiing very good. All 30 runs and 20 tows open. Whole trail to advanced skiers, modified Albion to intermediates. LO 10, SN 0, CR 1,000.

■ EAST

Area with snow-making equipment had only negligible skiing in last before New Year's while snow-guns rarely suffered substantial loss of lift within. However, business was not all in natural-snow areas, if not even a fairly prompt help restoration to full operation here. And new snow over past weekend made outlook brighter.

Black Mt., N.H. Snow conditions made good last but natural snow. UP 0-8, CR 1,000.

Cranmore, N.H. Six far business off 50% from last year's records. Big skiing new good on east and north slopes. CR 2,000.

Stowe, Vt. Only limited skiing over holidays at top of Todd Road. UP 10, CR 1,000, SN 0.

Wassuk, Vt. Thin, well-packed cover over most of area. Base opens showing by Sunday. Lift lines moving fast. CR 2,000, SN 10.

Loon's, Pa. Machine-made snow offered good skiing to crowd of 800, SN 0.

Snow Bridge, N.Y. Good packed-powder skiing on north slope. UP 10, CR 1,000, SN 10.

Four Mt. and Felsenstein, N.Y. Snow-making machines provided fair to good skiing on all slopes with packed base. UP 0-10, CR 1,000.

St. Lawrence, N.Y. Skiing conditions excellent throughout. Lawrenceville with outdoor temperatures. 42.50 all-day fare ticket attracting large crowds. CR 2,000, SN 10.

Mount Tremblant, Que. Good powder skiing on most trails. CR 100.

COMING EVENTS

JAN. 10—JAN. 19

■ TV ■ CABLE TV ■ HIGHLIGHTS RADIO
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10

Baseball

Quincy vs. college game
Detroit vs. Philadelphia (10:00 p.m.)
Cleveland vs. New York Yankees (7:00 p.m.)
Boston vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)
Pittsburgh vs. New York Yankees (7:00 p.m.)
St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)
Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

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St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

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St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

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St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

Baseball

St. Louis vs. Philadelphia (7:00 p.m.)

SKIING'S BIGGEST fun BARGAIN!



"LEARN TO SKI" weeks

NOW—skiing's most popular feature is running straight through without interruption, 7th April 5. What a bargain! Starting any Sunday, enjoy a full week of lessons, lift rides, all meals, accommodations in chalet dormitory, swimming, dancing, evening entertainment... all for the one low price of \$105. Another added attraction—the new double-chair lift on Baldy Mt. will accommodate twice as many skiers as before.

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Room 2460, Omaha 2, Neb., or see your travel agent

\$105

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Salt Lake City, Utah
Send complete Utah Ski Packet with ski areas, facilities, snow conditions.
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Address _____
City _____ State _____

COMING EVENTS

continued

MONDAY, JANUARY 13

Boxing

Leading college game:
Foster vs. Iowa State, San Marcos, Iowa.
Henderson vs. Mississippi State, Nashville.

Boxing

Wiles vs. Hall vs. Bu. Corbett, lightweight, 10 a.m., St. Paul's, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Tennis

University of Miami Invitational, Coral Gables, Fla. through Jan. 16.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14

Boxing

Leading college game:
Purdue vs. St. Louis, New York vs. Connecticut at St. Louis.

Hockey

Leading college game:
Berkeley vs. California College, Oakland.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15

Boxing

Leading college game:
St. Louis vs. Berkeley, St. Louis.
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston.

Boxing

Welter Marston vs. Gil Turner, welterweight, 12 a.m., Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey

Leading college game:
St. Louis vs. St. Lawrence, Potsdam, N.Y.
Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Horse Racing

San Mateo 12:45, 1:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:15, 5:45, Santa Anita, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16

Boxing

Leading college game:
Berkeley at Philadelphia.
Rensselaer at Connecticut.
St. Louis at Syracuse.

Hockey

Toronto at Montreal.
New York at Boston.
Chicago at Detroit.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

Boxing

Leading college game:
Connecticut vs. Detroit, Rensselaer at St. Louis at Detroit.
Berkeley vs. Boston, New York vs. Philadelphia at Boston.

Boxing

San Bruno Invitational Championship, San Bruno, Calif. through Jan. 18.
Futaba and Motor Boat Show, New York (through Jan. 20).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Horse Racing

Legal Professional Services, \$25,000, 3-yr-old fillies & 4-yr. ST., Indian, Ill.

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

Boxing

Leading college game:
Connecticut vs. St. Lawrence, Detroit, 5 p.m., 1:30 p.m., (ABC).
Detroit vs. Boston, New York vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis vs. Syracuse.

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

Boxing

Welter 12:45 vs. Don Whitfield, heavyweight, 10 a.m., Syracuse (NBC).

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Unusual Growth Distributorship Offered

In Distinguished, Highly Profitable

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The leading manufacturer in a dynamic young, but proved-by-success national industry, has a single protected franchise in each open area for individual or group able to meet highest qualifying standards.

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all levels, including company-paid advertising and publicity. Their success is documented.

Today, there are only 28 remaining "blue-chip" distributorships in the U.S. No franchise fee is required. If you are qualified by reputation and experience, a low five-figure investment is sufficient to establish you in this solid business with an unlimited future.

Why Your Business Will Be Secure, Competition Negligible

You will be part of a dynamic industry, whose sales already register high in the millions. You will be representing the Number One company in the field, the International Swimming Pool Corporation, and enjoy the full impact of a national brand known to every man, woman and child... a name synonymous with swimming pools.

Our product, Esther Williams Swimming Pool for homes and hotels, epitomizes the name, personality and sales appeal of this great swimming celebrity, through whose personal efforts it is now possible for people of ordinary means to enjoy what used to be a rich man's luxury.

You will be demonstrating and selling the first great advance in swimming pools in twenty years. The Esther Williams pool in all concrete, in-the-ground, beautifully designed with complete top-quality equipment. Easy to sell, simple to install, fully guaranteed. It offers exclusive safeguards, including a safety ledge and strong safety cover. Unique water-saving filter recirculates water, giving it diamond sparkle. The pool carries both Good House-

keeping and Parents' seals, ensuring public acceptance. Available in several sizes, it is priced within the budget of most homeowners and financing is easily available. Nationally advertised on TV, Radio, in Life, Better Homes & Gardens, Good Housekeeping and other publications.

If you need further proof, let us send you the names of a representative list of our distributors. Check with them on their present success and future prospects.

As growth potential is great, we can consider only correspondingly successful businessmen. Technical knowledge in field of general contracting advantageous but not essential as standardization simplifies the pool construction. Annual service contracts provide continuing revenue.

We will appoint distributors in open areas at once as the first signs of Spring will heighten consumer demand. (Dealerships also available.) Write today outlining your qualifications. Address: President, International Swimming Pool Corp., 137 East Post Road, White Plains, New York.



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ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

Golf's touring pros hit the long trail of the winter tour with their customary premiere at the Los Angeles Open

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



HERE, AGAINST A TYPICALLY CALIFORNIA

LAST WEEK, the holidays behind them and 5,000 miles of pressureful golf ahead, America's most colorful itinerant community, the professional circuit golfers, congregated at the Rancho golf course for the 32nd Los Angeles Open, the tournament which traditionally inaugurates the winter tour and, so to speak, puts the show on the road again. Frank Stranahan won the premiere with a 275 for his biggest pro victory to date. This week the Crosby (see page 28) and then, on 11 successive weeks, Tijuana, Palm Springs, Phoenix, Tucson, San Antonio, Houston, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Pasadena, St. Petersburg, and, most likely, Wilmington—by and large, the familiar road that leads to Augusta and spring.

En route, as on earlier treks, the familiar pattern will unwind: the golfers who catch fire will be asked from city to city to explain just what accounts for their success, and no one will quite be satisfied when they answer, "I'm just thinking better out there" or "I'm just getting a few putts for a change—that's all." In February the

stars who chose to winter on the Caribbean circuit (Panama, Jamaica, Puerto Rico) will rejoin the domestic division. The older hands, such as Jimmy Demaret (who was runner-up to Sam Houston for the Texas Boys Championship in 1921), will look no older, play as well as ever and will leave the tour after Houston or New Orleans and let the younger men have Florida to themselves. After the early tourneys, Charley Sifford, that good golfer who won the recent Long Beach Open, will leave the tour, picking it up later when it hits states in which it makes no difference if an entrant is colored or not. By the time the Florida segment of the arc is reached, a few new stars whose names nobody knows now will be laying in new supplies of hip haberdashery, but the roads north will be dotted with dozens of other young men who won no money, ran out of their own and could only wait till next year.

This year, as usual, the professionals will be shooting at a new record total of prize money and, as usual, a great many attendant financial and sched-

uling problems remain to be thrashed out. At the moment, for example, it is still not known for certain whether or not the last tournament in March will be held in Wilmington, N.C. For the past eight years this date was a Wilmington fixture, the Amelia Open, but the purse came only to \$12,500, comparatively light by modern PGA standards. The PGA Tournament Bureau, accordingly, asked the Wilmington sponsors to see if they could up the prize money, explaining that an increase was essential since some 250 golfers depended on the tour for a living in an age of rising expenses. There are several accounts of the actual order and tone of the communications (or lack of communication) between the PGA representatives and the Wilmington group, but, suffice it to say, the PGA announced last autumn that Wilmington had lost its old spot and would be replaced by a \$22,500 affair in Miami Beach. Only a short while ago, however, the projected Miami Beach tournament fell through. At this point, the PGA bureau head suggested to the



BACKGROUND: A LIGHTLY CLAD GALLERY LARGES UP RANCHO'S 10TH FAIRWAY WITH AN OPENING-DAY THREESOME AT L.A. OPEN

Wilmington group that they sponsor a two-day \$10,000 event on the Saturday and Sunday of that last week in March, a regular four-day event now being out of the question since a pro-amateur event had been booked for the Wednesday of that week in Miami Beach—and who, even what pro, can drive 900 miles overnight? The Wilmington group returned a counter-proposal: they would be happy, they said, to provide a purse of \$15,000 to underwrite a three-day 72-hole tournament this March, but would like a three-year contract insuring a regular place on the PGA schedule for a regular four-day tournament. At last report, this is where matters stood.

All of the elements of the typical PGA-sponsor issue are present in this Wilmington case, and it would take a very wise head indeed to decide such inherent questions as these: Are the touring pros justified in thinking the purse must be high enough to give 200 members of the tour the wherewithal to keep going? Granted that replacing truly soft spots on the schedule with

richer tournaments is a splendid thing, will it be injurious in the long run to make it almost a policy to sell tournament dates to the highest bidder (who may leave off sponsoring golf as quickly as he began it, once he has collected his fill of publicity); to drop old friends of golf like the Wilmington group and Elmer Ward, the veteran sponsor of 14 Palm Beach round-robin tourneys, because they do not meet the big-prize-money, 72-hole medal-play formula? On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that only a dozen or so of the touring pros make money or break even on the circuit. Since nearly everyone else profits rather handsomely from the attractions they provide, one can be sympathetic to their aims if not exactly enamored with how they sometimes go about attaining them.

Familiar indeed, this wrangling, and so are the countless other aspects of the singular civilization that springs up as the nomads wind their way from oasis to oasis. Two pros, for instance, will begin to part phenomenally with some new model blade, and within a

week practically the entire cast will be out seeing if this model is the magic carpet-sweeper every man dreams of finding. These young pros will use their first winnings to buy white cashmere jackets. Seven fairly veteran pros who have never been in the top 20 will agree that if they win the Tam O'Shanter they will turn down the extra \$50,000 in exhibitions—it would take the competitive edge off their games. And, with very few exceptions, all the players, even though each realizes that the tour is necessarily a dog-eat-dog affair in which everybody else's brilliant stroke diminish his own chances for gain and glory, will show more genuine consideration toward their rivals than most amateurs do. Their uncomplicated sportsmanship under such rough conditions will impress the thoughtful members of the gallery quite as much as their ability to get down in two from 180 yards out, from sand traps, from the parking lot, from the soft drink stand, from anywhere.

FOR MORE NEWS ON CIRCUIT GOLF, TURN THE PAGE

KEEP YOUR EYE ON...



KEN VENTURI

Rated by many close to the scene as the best player currently on the circuit, Venturi, 36, is a protégé of Byron Nelson's and has inherited Nelson's wonderful sense of clubhead timing in his iron play. On the greens he once tended to be childish with his putting, but is tapping the ball very well these days. His victories at St. Paul and Milwaukee late last summer, his first season on the pro circuit, marked the only time since 1935 that any player has won two straight PGA-sponsored events.



DOW FINSTERWALD

One of the great new students of the game and a fine technician, this quiet man from Ohio won the 1957 Vardon Trophy with a 78.20 strokes-per-round average in his third touring season. Finsterwald, 38, has a consistent, systematic approach to golf, trying to make each shot, each round, just as safe and easy as possible. He will always take straightforward over distance and is extremely reluctant to release his reserve. Like a steady player, Dow strives to maintain good stroke production at all times.



GEORGE BAYER

The longest hitter the game has ever known, and recently one of its biggest players at 6 feet 5 and 240 pounds, Bayer, 32, is a fine athlete, once played tackle for the Washington Redskins, and is the possessor of a lovely golf swing. After four years on the tour, he has finally developed a well-sounded game and a fine putting touch for a man of his physique. If a bit immature temperamentally, Bayer, nonetheless, has a pleasant, boyish manner, which makes it that much more enjoyable to watch him.



ARNOLD PALMER

The 25-year-old Palmer is a terribly strong and muscular player and another of golf's long hitters. The son of a Lenoira, Pa. club professional, he earned pro shortly after winning the National Amateur in 1954. Though still prone to erratic rounds, he has steadied down considerably without losing his flair for making as many spectacular shots as anyone on the tour. Stranky putting accounts for some of his ups and downs. His closest friends on the circuit are Doug Ford and Dow Finsterwald.



BILLY CASPER

A 26-year-old Navy veteran, Casper is one of the tour's most punting golfers. At first glance, he has none of the flash and fireworks that characterize the play of a real top-notch. Instead, he takes a vicious club at the ball. However, he has great hand action, a real instinct for shortmaking, and is capable of great accuracy. He can go off on tremendous bursts of par-breaking golf. Casper was one of the surprises of 1957, his third year on the tour, has a stable temperament and is a really tremendous putter.



PAUL HARNEY

Weighing only 145 pounds though 5 foot 11, this former Holy Cross golf captain and 1952 Eastern College champion has emerged as one of golf's longest hitters. Last year, his third as a touring professional, he began cutting down on the undue amount of body action he employed and vastly increased his accuracy. Harney, 28, is a steady iron player, reliable and relaxed on the course. He enjoyed such a good year in 1957 that his fellow tourists voted him the most improved golfer on the circuit.

On and Off the Fairways

Sports Illustrated heretofore increases its regular golf coverage with a weekly report—technical, statistical, personal—on the professionals and, occasionally, the women and amateurs

A ONCE-OVER REVIEW OF THE 1957 SEASON

The two big winners of the 1957 professional season, Dick Mayer and Doug Ford, became so by very different routes indeed. Mayer accounted for most of his \$89,512 in prize money by two magnificent winning efforts: the U.S. Open (\$7,200) and the Tarn O'Shanter "World" (\$50,000). Ford was the circuit's most successful week-to-week participant. His victory in the Los Angeles Open was worth \$7,000, the Panama Open \$2,000, his Masters victory worth \$8,750 and winning the Western Open worth \$5,000. In addition, he won \$7,000 for three second-place finishes, \$1,000 for one third, \$5,100 for four fourths and \$1,600 for one fifth. He finished in the money in all of the other 25 events he entered to win \$55,611, the highest total ever amassed by a non-"World" winner.

The Irishman golfer who undoubtedly made the most profound impression on the pro tour last year was Ken Venturi, the former Walker Cup team member who turned pro in November 1956. The assured young San Franciscan, who almost won the Masters as an amateur in 1956, collected over

\$22,000 before the season's finish though not eligible for prize money in PGA co-sponsored events until May 28. Venturi hit his peak in August. He won the St. Paul and Miller opens on consecutive weekends and over one late summer stretch fashioned 12 straight scores in the 60s: 68, 66, 66, 67, 65, 68, 68, 66, 61, 68, 67, 68.

There were other distinctions: Arnold Palmer, who scored four major victories on the tour to lead in that category, and those two quadrigarians, Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret. The ever-green Demaret won three tournaments and came within a shot of first place in the U.S. Open. Snead at 45 was still golf's greatest attraction. The Slammer entered only 12 major events, but won the Dallas Open by 10 strokes and did sufficiently well in the others to add \$34,350 to his mountain treasury. Dow Finsterwald, a younger man, won money in every tournament he entered, running to 68 straight the number of events in which he has finished in the money.

Another veteran still around despite longer hitters and sharper



OPEN WINNER MAYER also captured the "World" title and fame in 1957.

wedges, is Old Man Par, as Bob Jones used to call him. For example, a golfer who matched par figures in all the top professional events during 1957 would have won the U.S. Open and the Colonial Invitational, been in the money another 33 times and taken home \$12,600 in winnings. Not bad for an oldtimer. O. M. Par still has a few good years left.

SOME DISTINCTIONS EARNED ON THE 1957 TOUR

MOST IMPROVED SHORT GAME: George Bayer, who became conservative around the greens. Much more fastidious wedge play and chipping helped him win the Canadian Open.

MOST IMPROVED OFF THE TEES: Arnold Palmer practiced hard on his tee shot, stopped switching drivers and added accuracy to his already fine length. Art Wall, a fellow Pennsylvanian, became longer and straighter.

MOST IMPROVED PUTTER: Paul Harey learned to keep his head still, cut

down on the three-putt greens, won \$25,000 last year.

MOST IMPROVED PLAYER: By slowing up his backswing and trying not to hit the ball too hard, Al Balding improved his control and timing, won these events in 1957.

MOST PLACID PLAYER: Julius Boros, although Pat Schwab threatened until hitting 24 balls out of bounds.

MOST CONSERVATIVE PLAYER: Dow Finsterwald, who always hits for the fat part of the green, has finished

second 13 times in the last two years.

MOST SAVING PLAYER: Al Benselink will go with his driver where the percentage would argue for a safer iron.

MOST TALKATIVE: The most delightful conversationalist is Dutch Harrison, but former college debater Bob Inman is pushing him hard for the top.

MOST DETERMINED: Doug Ford, of whom PGA Champion Lionel Hebert said, "He starts every tournament as if he were flat broke."

—BARRY BERN

THE TOP TEN MONEY WINNERS OF 1957

PLAYER	PGA	OTHER	TOTAL	PLAYER	PGA	OTHER	TOTAL
DICK MAYER	\$65,806	\$2,677	\$68,512	AL BALDING	\$20,825	\$9,117	\$29,937
DOUG FORD	45,379	10,232	55,611	RAY HUBERT	35,754	8,853	27,607
DOW FINSTERWALD	21,872	6,812	28,684	BILL CASPER JR.	20,808	6,400	27,208
SAM SNEAD	20,261	6,892	27,153	GENE LITTLE	13,438	12,806	26,243
ARNOLD PALMER	21,803	1,816	23,619	PAUL HARNY	21,735	4,532	26,267

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

IN THE LIVING-ROOM BOWL

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC criticism are at least as old as the republic and—who knows—have probably had a generally good effect on the state of culture in these United States for a long, long time. Nobody has yet made a full-time career out of critical scrutiny of the TV sports announcer, but an attempt seems overdue. Certainly millions of professional football fans came away from the TV broadcast of the Detroit-Cleveland game two weeks ago in a mood to cuff children, because an announcer named Van Patrick doggedly persisted—in hallowed radio fashion—in telling them in detail, and without sarcasm, what they could already see for themselves on their own screens. On New Year's Day, therefore, with roughly half the country assembled before bowl-game screens for five or six hours, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** set up a living-room watch as well as a press-box watch in Miami, New Orleans, Dallas and Pasadena. Give or take a few blunders, living-room America got a high-grade show.

The coin-tossing ceremony—with the TV audience tuned into the mid-field ceremonies with field microphones—still seems prevailingly unbreasted, with lines and gestures strictly ad lib. Thus at Pasadena, when the referee introduced his colleagues to the Ohio State and Oregon captains, one official acknowledged with a nod, another with a semimilitary salute, another with a semi-Bushy's bow. But nobody expects football officials to synchronize like the Radio City Rockettes, and the coin-tossing closings did help the living-room set to acquire a fair sense of intimacy—after the sweeping camera shots of colossuses people-packed like bees in cans—with the real goings-on.

All networks use the two-platoon system in the announcers' box: Chris Schenkel and Johnny Lujack at the

Orange Bowl (CBS); Lindsay Nelson and Red Grange at the Sugar Bowl (NBC); Tom Harman and Forest Evanshewski at the Cotton Bowl (CBS); Mel Allen and Chick Hearn at the Rose Bowl (NBC). Thanks to the fact that the Miami game and its pageantry consumed close to three hours of network time, CBS watchers got little more than the second half from Dallas and had to be brought up to date on lost happenings by Harman and Evanshewski, who proved to be in expert and rather unexpected disagreement as to the chief reason for Navy's success. Old Running Back Harman credited the Navy line; Old Blocking Back Evanshewski credited Tom Forrestal in the Navy backfield. Out in the Rose Bowl, Mel Allen did a good clean job and, with no beer to gargle or cigars to nip as he does for his baseball sponsors in summertime, was able to keep the excess saliva out of his pear-shaped torso.

By every standard, however, the most successful novelty of the day was CBS's wiring of the referees for sound. Both in Miami (Referee John Donohue) and in Dallas (Referee Albie Booth), the top official was equipped with a breast-pocket microphone, a la

Ed Murrow, a set of batteries in one pocket and a small transmitter in another. A pickup aerial carried field talk to the CBS man in the press box who, at the turn of a switch, put the dialogue on the air.

In Dallas, Albie Booth's batteries ran low in the second half—which was



a pity ("He's an awfully colorful guy," mourned a CBS spokesman). But in Miami the device worked beautifully, even though—perhaps overweighted with the experimental character of the occasion—the control booth put Donohue on the air less than a dozen times altogether.

"Clipping—15 yards," Donohue would sing out.

"Who?" the Oklahoma field captain would say.

"Number 14"—or whatever—and the camera would pan down on the culprit.

Or, as Donohue made a sidewise chopping motion with his arm to indicate the offense, his voice would come

THEY SAID IT . . .

- **WALTER FONDREN**, Texas quarterback, musing his team's lack of power in losing to Minnesota 14-7 in the Sugar Bowl: "We couldn't beat a pencil."
- **PANCHO GONZALES**, beaten two matches out of three by Lou Good in Australia: "I have to find the answer to him and find it quick. He plays the same game as I, hitting the ball hard—only he's getting it in."
- **ARTHUR GARYAES**, New York member of the Sports Car Club of America, discussing rallying: "It is the true test of a prospective ryer. There's a simple formula. You discover the first rally because you're both still too polite to each other. The second rally, the politeness usually has worn off and the guy's true character begins to show. If the winner the third, you may or will marry her."
- **JACK RICE** of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as the winner of the Los Angeles Coliseum as a proposed seating place for the Dodgers: "The sunshade and ice-water concessions ought to make \$400,000 for the first Sunday double-header. The Coliseum is a deep and pocketless cesspool pit, and on a hot summer day no crowd would go from first to third without stopping for a drink."

through: "Personal foul—15 yards." And the camera would pick out the villain again.

No such words made the air—though Donohue was heard from coast to coast when he uttered his honest, involuntary "Wow!" on one spirited tackle—and it is fair to say that for the first time in the history of television a New Year's bowl-game audience from coast to coast felt as close to the play on the field as the watchers in the stands, if not closer.

MR. FRICK SPEAKS UP

THE office of Ford Frick, baseball's commissioner, sits high in New York's RCA Building, the 79-story centerpiece of Rockefeller Center. A step at baseball's HQ is not included in the Rockefeller Center Guided Tour, possibly for the reason that in years past nothing much ever happened there. But lately (and the Guided Tour people can take this for what it is worth to them) some sense-making sounds have come echoing out of Commissioner Frick's inner sanctum. That would seem to be good news for everyone in major league baseball except a few operators skilled in the off-field stratagems of looking to capital gains at income-tax time.

As a matter of fact, there seems to be a new and more forceful Ford Frick sitting in the commissioner's chair. Using hindsight, some observers date the transformation back to last July when Mr. Frick was elected to another term which should carry him up to retirement. Up to that time Mr. Frick was somewhat in the position of a baby-kissing, handshaking politician just before the voting; he seemed anxious to please the club owners, wary of offending.

But at the major-minor league meetings in Colorado Springs last month Mr. Frick was a man who fairly radiated job security. He spoke up loudly and clearly on most issues. He told a press conference exactly where he stood on the question of keeping New York "open" for the National League; he was for it. Later, he appointed a four-man committee to study territories.

This committee met with Mr. Frick last week and out of their meetings came some clear-cut recommendations. These boiled down to 1) any city with more than 2 million population (New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and Los Angeles) would be eligible for a second major league club and 2) ball parks in any one city must be at least five miles apart. This declaration, if

adopted by the leagues in their meeting January 25, would give the National League a beachhead in New York, while apparently giving the Yankees a monopoly in Manhattan. Cincinnati, just for instance, would be free to take over Ebbets Field (not the Polo Grounds, which is too close to Yankee Stadium) or any stadium the city might construct at Flushing Meadows on Long Island.

On this last point Commissioner Frick had some plain words to deliver before the meeting. He said communities that want major league baseball must undertake to build their own stadiums, not baseball-only stadiums, which would antagonize the taxpayers, but athletic plants to accommodate many sports and be (in 10 years, Frick thinks) self-liquidating.

This would run counter to the Walter O'Malley formula. Mr. O'Malley

would prefer to build his own plant on low-cost land and then keep control of all revenues: admissions, refreshments, parking and the rest of it. Powell Crosley (who has been hinting that he will move to New York if Cincinnati doesn't provide more parking space than it has permitted) is apparently thinking O'Malley-style that the community "own" a baseball proprietor something.

Mr. Frick points out that private enterprise can't get property in the thickly populated centers except at outrageously inflated prices. He cites the case of Nelson Rockefeller, whose display of interest in keeping the Dodgers in Brooklyn skyrocketed the price of a piece of property from an estimated worth of \$1,250,000 to \$4 million. Frick does not deny that private capital was equal to the task in

continued



"Just one of them down the Farnes last year, says, the Jags ignoring trouble, and the family was away on the Missouri."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

the old days of trolley-car transportation and abundant vacant lots around the ball parks. But in these days of exploding populations, he sees only one way to play fair with baseball, the cities and the taxpayers: all-purpose, revenue-producing, city-owned stadiums. With enough of them, Frick sees the majors expanding in orderly fashion to two 10-team leagues or three eight-team leagues.

And if all this does not solve the immediate problems of Walter O'Malley (Los Angeles will vote June 3 on whether to give him the Chavez Ravine site on his terms), well, anybody in Brooklyn will be glad to tell Mr. O'Malley where he should have stood.

FROM HERE TO NADIR

IF ALL the science of Thoroughbred racing is, to a large extent, just one big guessing game, no one must be more proficient at the science of guessing than the professional handicapper whose unenviable lot it is to load weight on young horses for races to be run months in the future. To get an idea of the enormity of the problem, take the case of Frank E. Jimmy Kilroe, who is the official handicapper and racing secretary of The Jockey Club, of all New York tracks and of beautiful Santa Anita.

Jimmy Kilroe started cooking a curious eye at the present crop of 3-year-olds from the moment the first of roughly 8,000 foals arrived early in 1915. He followed their progress and recorded their form throughout 1937 when the fit survivors of equine childhood diseases put in their first races. And finally, this week, he published his list of his best bets for 1938—a sort of cast of characters for the Triple Crown ahead. The list cuts 8,000 youngsters down to 125—74 colts, 49 fillies, and 10 geldings.

Kilroe's list, known in the trade as the Experimental, is made up on the principle of weighting horses for a theoretical race at a mile and a sixteenth early in the spring. Actually this spring such a race, the Experimental Handicap, may well be run on April 5 at Jamaica for \$25,000. Naturally Kilroe puts the most weight on the horse he considers the best 3-year-old in the land, and this year top weight (124 pounds) goes to Maine Chance Farm's dashing Jewell's Reward. Next is fine colt Claiborne Farm's Nadir (123); George D. Widener's Jester (124), Jas-

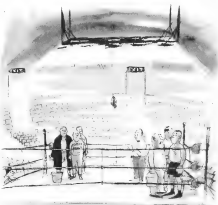
lyn Stables' Lily Bell (123), and Wheatley Stables' Misty Flight (122). Bracketed at 121 pounds is a quartet made up of Kentucky Pride, Old Fiddle (the late California colt in the top 10), Rose Trella, and Terra Firma. And at 120 pounds come Whitley and the undefeated Lily Bell.

What do Kilroe's opinions mean in terms of long-range forecasting? Well, in the three previous years since he inherited this thankless chore from the late John Campbell, Jimmy has been a jewel of consistency. His top-weighted horses in each of the last three Experimental lists were Summer Tan, Career Boy and Barbizon. And in each of the last three seasons Kilroe's second high-weight—Nubus, Needles and Bold Ruler—wound up as the 3-year-old champion. Nadir, take it from here.

AILING GENTLEMEN

MAYBE it's because he is invariably well dressed in a world where sartorial slackness is more and more regrettably prevalent. Maybe it's because of the partly tolerance with which he views—and declines to judge—the follies and fallibilities of sloppy mankind. Whatever the reason, the penguin, of all representatives of the animal kingdom, has achieved for himself a unique niche in the affections and respect of humanity.

Since Oregonians are no exception to this rule, excitement ran high in Portland last November when word spread that a delegation of 67 penguins was on its way north from Antarctica to take up residence in the local zoo. Portland's citizens turned out en masse at



"Not much of a gate, M. Just your regular old line another."

the air base to greet the huge Globe-master bearing the distinguished visitors, and it was notable as well as fitting that zoo officials turned out for the occasion impeccably clad in white ties and tails. During the next few weeks, as the penguins lodged in a local swimming pool to await the completion of their official home, visitors by the thousands dropped by to pay their respects.

Last week, like the announcement of stark catastrophe in the midst of a court gala, a pall fell on Portland. Black banner heads in the city's newspapers told the terrible tale: PENGUINS DROPPING, NEXT 30 DAYS CRITICAL, CITY GOES ALL OUT TO HAVE PENGUINS. One by one, gasping for breath in the throes of a disease called aspergillosis, Portland's gallant penguins were quietly giving up their ghosts. Within a week, five plump Emperors and as many slighter Adelies hit the dust.

Portland's park commissioner hastily called a conference of zoo officials,



doctors and veterinarians. A top pathologist of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service rode to the scene to confer with a penguin authority from Baltimore's famed Johns Hopkins. A local cold-storage plant offered to turn its premises into a replica of the Antarctic for the sake of the sick birds.

Pressed into service, Dr. Charles Dotter, chief of the Oregon Medical School's Department of Radiology, loaded his fanciest portable X-ray equipment on a truck and headed for the penguin pool. His improvised technique revealed six more birds who seemed to be seriously infected and another six who may have been, but nobody could be sure. "Who knows," said Dr. Dotter, "about X-raying penguins?" Even a constant temperature check was not of too much help, since nobody was sure what a penguin's temperature is supposed to be.

To help clarify these puzzling matters, Dr. Dotter took one of the ailing birds, a plump young Adeline named Hector, back to his home. Dignified and uncompaining, Hector is still there, puttering about the doctor's study, peering with interest over his shoulder as the radiologist studies chest plates, and determined to make as little trouble as possible. With care and antibiotic dosage, Hector seems somewhat improved, but, as Dr. Dot-

ter says, "Who knows? He may be recovering. He may be dying. All I can say is that he's a damned fine patient."

HEALING TENDON

ON NOVEMBER 13, just 26 days after he had scored the 500th goal of his illustrious career, Joseph Henri Maurice Richard skated against Toronto. "I had cut into center ice," says Richard in retrospect, "and I was about 15 feet inside the Toronto blue line as I got a pass from Dickie Moore. I took a shot, and as I did as I fell forward on the ice and slid forward toward the goal. A Toronto defenseman, Marc Renne, was in front of me, his back to me. Chadwick, the goalie, had blocked the shot on his right side and the puck had gone off to the corner. Moore was in there trying to get it. Renne was watching the play in the corner. I slid into him from behind. I didn't hit him hard. He fell backward on top of me and I felt the stab in my leg as he got up."

The stab Richard felt was the blade of Renne's left skate cutting down inside his skating shoe and deep into his right Achilles tendon. The tendon, thick at that point, was out two-thirds of the way through. Dr. James Murray, the Toronto team physician, stitched up the surface out. On November 21 Dr. Lawrence Garth Hampson, the Canadians' team surgeon, reopened the wound and stitched the tendon together with subcutaneous catgut, which in time will dissolve. For the next 33 days the Rocket wore a plaster cast that extended from his toes to six inches above his knee.

Had the tendon been severed Can-



HIGH SCORER

Because I'm not so very tall
They said, you can't play basketball,
But too few inches are no luck
For I play forward jiggly-back.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

ada's greatest athlete would have been disabled for the rest of the season. Last week there was good news for Montreal's perleried hockey disciples. The Rocket, saved from long convalescence by the uncut shred of tendon, said he would be back on ice and in action by the end of the month.

DOGGONEDEST THING

LOS ANGELES is a city that chafes its loc with the manufactured illusion, and calling some of its best shots these days is one Jack Swimmer—president, mentalist and illusionist. In December, Swimmer engaged to predict the scores of this year's four major bowl games. The thing of it is, he got them all right.

How he brought off this crafty enterprise, curious all the more in the light of Oregon's near shading of Ohio State, Swimmer isn't saying in so many words. He talks, if a trifle facetiously, of extrasensory perception, telepathic thought patterns, electronics and illusions. But to lend the whole thing the necessary air of wizardry, he announced what he was up to on NBC-TV's *Truth or Consequences*, knitted his brow in the accepted fashion of diviners and wrote down his forecasts. Undisclosed, they were carried off in a strobelight by Los Angeles County Sheriff Eugene Bismarck for safekeeping. When the box was opened the day after New Year's, everybody on the show sarked in his breath and agreed it was the doggonedest thing.

Now 50, Swimmer has been an arm-tear magician of sorts since he was 7 and living in Brooklyn. There, at Coney Island, he served as an impromptu slide, stage and errand boy for the great Houdini. Nowadays he is a well-to-do businessman who, for a hobby, has taken to forecasting. To the consternation of gamblers (whom he refuses to aid and abet), Swimmer, in his own way, picked Macario to keyo Walnut in 2-25, predicted the correct runs, hits and errors for the Milwaukee Braves' final 1957 game and the popular vote polled by Eisenhower in 1956. At any rate, the right figures always came out of the sealed envelopes.

Explains Swimmer (explaining nothing): "There is nothing supernatural about my effects. But it would take four or five hours to explain."

Would Swimmer make a prediction on the first Los Angeles Dodgers-San Francisco Giants game? Nothing doing, said he—at least not until the day comes closer and he can arrange his strongboxes, sheriffs and the like.



STRETCHING to touch his toes, a youngster is put through the hardest part of the Kraus-Weber Stress test by Vince D'Aurizio.



PROCKETING PRETTILY, MARGEL DAVIS, 17, U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM.

FOR FITNESS A BIG LEAP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MORGAN



CLIPPING gracefully on one knee, an accomplished young gymnast displays her skill as a balance board for fellow enthusiasts at the

gymnastic clinic held every year under the Sunovon sun during the week of vacation between Christmas and New Year's Day.



MEMBER, TAKE PART IN A FREE CALISTHENICS COMPETITION AT THE SARASOTA HIGH SCHOOL GYM JUMP ON POISE AND GRACE

GRAVITY-MORTENS leaps and graceful aerial gyrations were everyday events in Sarasota last week when 700 enthusiastic gymnasts and their families converged on the town for its seventh aerial gymnastic clinic. They came from all over the country and from as far away as Hawaii, Mexico and Canada—the more dedicated and budget-conscious arriving as hitchhikers. Vince D'Antonio, clinic instructor and U.S. Olympic team member, happily spotted a trend: toward the re-birth of gymnastics in the schools as a means of winning more physical fitness for U.S. youngsters. He argued the value of gymnastics from babyhood on for developing "strength, flexibility, timing, endurance and courage."

Irritated by Russia's near sweep of gymnastics in the last Olympics, college gymnasts at Sarasota complained that the U.S. has been virtually spurned and must catch up. One fellow who is wasting no time is Joe Guio, 25, an ex-GI from Florida State. "Two buddies and I pitched in," he said, "and bought films showing Russian and Japanese Olympic gymnasts performing. We inspect them like a football coach studies game pictures of future opponents." But all hands, including Joe Guio, agreed that physical fitness is not gained just from watching movies.



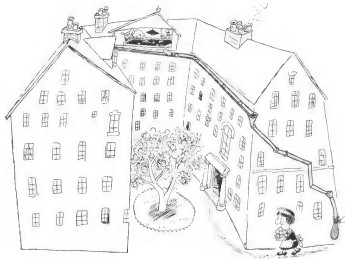
Twisting gymnast, diving in a trampolin act, attracts crowd in downtown Sarasota.



FOR STIRRING UP A QUIET POOL

CHAMPION WILKIE MONTGOMERY, the world's best pool player, is discouraged over apathy in his favorite game, which he prefers to call "pocket billiards." "There's just nothing going on," said Wilkie last week as he prepared to go to Chicago to defend the title he has held for 15 years. "The game is dormant." Glad to stir a sleeping sport whenever it may lie, *Secrets Illustrated* called in Gerard Hoffnung, an unpredictable British cartoonist whose restless drawings have been likened by some connoisseurs to "loud noises on paper."

Here, with no apologies from the artist whose rebel pen has been known to convert grand pianos to fishing pools, set myopic astronomers peering skyward through the convoluted horns of tubes, and equip the inflated choirs of tenors with the knobs and dials of the hi-fi-istic, are some Hoffnungs noises expressly designed to stir up a storm on the surface of Champion Wilkie Montgomery's quietest pool.





HOT ICE IN THE COLD COUNTRY

Darting Skeeters and colorfully clad skippers crowd onto the lakes in Wisconsin's Diamond district as the iceboat season gets under way

Photographed by ED STEIN



FACE MASK shields Crewman "Radio" MacDonald from flying ice. Spiked metal clamps on boots give traction for running starts.

CLEARLY, iceboating is a sport you really have to like. To the average citizen, the idea of climbing into a Three-mo suit and going rocking off across a frozen lake in a needle-thin Skeeter boat like those at the right may seem like an odd thing to do on a frigid January day. However, for 3,000 U.S. iceboaters, most of them concentrated in an area of southern Wisconsin called the Diamond, there is no better way to spend the winter.

Listens to the testimony of Bill Perrigo, a crack racer who lives at Pewaukee Lake, the hottest corner of the iceboating Diamond, bounded by Pewaukee, Lake Geneva, Lake Monona and Lake Winnebago. "Sometimes you feel like you're inside a firecracker with the fuse burning," says Perrigo, describing the thrill of driving an iceboat like his Skeeter Taserjet at speeds up to 100 mph. "You feel the tensions and strains in your boat, but you're going so fast you hardly notice the speed."

Frank Trost, a Pewaukee neighbor of Perrigo, grows even more lyrical in describing a wild ride in his Tascaron. "Your boat becomes a thing alive," he says, "and it talks to you. Once, on Delavan Lake, I was on a roach and the wind was hitting in 30-mile puffs. The Tascaron gave me a hundred-mile-an-hour ride that day. There was no feel at all. Control, but no feel. It was like floating. The wind whistled and screamed in the stays—people on shore said she sounded like a jet—and it was so loud inside my helmet that I couldn't hear the runners."

After that ride Trost's face was bloody from hundreds of tiny cuts sliced into it by flying ice chips. But he ignores such minor discomforts. Like many other iceboat skippers, he refuses to use a protective face mask like the one worn by the crewman at left. He claims a skipper must feel the wind on his face to judge his speed and sense the subtle wind shifts that a skillful sailor can parlay into an extra 10 miles of speed; and that extra speed is worth the cuts and blood that may go with it.

In terms of racing results, this kind of rugged enthusiasm has paid off for sailors like Trost, Perrigo, Skeeter

continued



FLOCKING together near shore of Lake Geneva, dozens of boats are ready and waiting for their races in Northwest for Yachting Association meet, world championship for Midwest's 1,000 for sailors.

FIGHTING for position at race marker, Boston class boats capable of 100 mph crowd dangerously close as John Bluel Jr. (103) takes the lead over John Bluel Sr. and eventual winner Bill Morrison (left).





INTO THE AIR goes Mary Jo, former world champion Flare A, careening overboard here in gusty wind while Skipper Jim Paxson (L) and Crew Dave Schmidt of Madison, Wis. fight to keep giant 2,600-pound, \$18,000 hull from crashing out of control.

ICEBOATING

continued

Champion Bill Mattison and Jim Payton, skipper of the roaring, barking *Mary B.* (left). These four, along with Bud Melges of Lake Geneva, Wis., have at one time or another won every important iceboating trophy in the country. And on the weekend of Jan. 17-19—if the weather is right—these and the other champions from the Diamond will travel to Gull Lake outside Kalamazoo, Mich., to defend their titles in the top event of the year, the Northwestern Ice Yachting Association Annual Regatta. Three weeks later—again if the weather is right—they will go to Lake Geneva for the International Scooter championships. In all probability, however, the weather will not be right either time. It rarely is, even in Wisconsin.

To get a lake in shape for a race, there must be enough freezing weather to build a layer of ice that will support the files of the one-ton *Mary B.* But the temperature must not drop too low. If it goes below 10° Fahrenheit on race day, the race committee is bound by the rules to cancel the regatta. It's simply too cold. On the other hand, the temperature obviously must not climb too high. At 60 mph, a stretch of open water may not do serious damage to either a sailor or his boat. But it can be very embarrassing, and very chilly. What the iceboater prays for is a mild thaw once in a while, even a little rain, to cover up the cracks in the ice, wash away the snow and generally recondition the surface. Then, on race day, the temperature should be about 30°, cold enough for a hard base but warm enough so there is a thin film of oil-slick moisture that lets the runners slide effortlessly over the surface.

Wings of the wind

With ice like this, and a 15-mph wind, a Skooter racer can, from a standing start, get his 24-foot craft up to 30 mph within 50 yards. With lighter air or slushy ice, the sailor may have to do a lot of running and pushing before he can jump into the cockpit and take a ride from the wind. Once under way on a good day, a Skooter will average about 40 mph on a windward beat and 65 downwind. The standard iceboat course is up and back; and on those blessed days when the wind is blowing across the course, the Skooters often average as high as 80 mph, their 75 square feet of sail stretched into an airfoil that pulls them over the frozen lake at anywhere from three to six times the speed of the prevailing wind.

But even on the days when the ice is perfect, iceboating has more than its share of grid. First, there may be a windless day (no race). It may be snowing when the race begins (no visibility). Or overnight the lake surface may have split into nasty pressure ridges (no iceboat). Finally, if everything else is perfect, there is still the chance of running over a beer can or a handful of sand left by an ice fisherman. In a split second, these can take the winning edge from a runner that has been lovingly hoisted over hours of precise preparation.

And always the sport has its elements of danger. However, for the dedicated racers who live in the Diamond, the risks and inconveniences are negligible compared to the thrill of a bone-rattling run over perfect ice. "It's the individual challenge," explained Bill Mattison last week as he got ready to travel to Kalamazoo for the Northwestern regatta. "You're all alone. You're just a few inches off the ice. It's quite a sensation. Quite a ride. In fact," he concluded, "there's nothing else like it."

—ROD VAN EVERY



AUTO-RACING HELMET and goggles protect Elmo Benton, 19, from freezing winds as he races his Skooter at a slushy Stoney.



SCOUT-H-PLANE SKOOTER, now finished in red, is a favorite racing craft for Jean Zwiefel of Peshtigo, Wis.

LEOPARD-SKIN, BROWN warm-head and cut-of Skooter Racer Chuck Edwards, a mechanical engineer from Lake Potosi, Wis.





THE MENTIONED SPORTS ENTERTAINERS OF BING CROSBY (IN ORDER FROM LEFT TO RIGHT): WITH ED LEE, FISHING, BIRMINGHAM, 1957; WITH BEN FLEIS, HORSES, BIRMINGHAM, 1957.

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SPORTSMAN BING

On the eve of his famous annual tournament at Pebble Beach, the singer turns to sports and speaks his mind

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPPOOL

BING CROSBY, singer and sportsman, isn't the type of person you walk up to and say: "What's new?" If he feels like talking, he will. If he doesn't he won't—and that includes "hello."

I had come to Hollywood to see Crosby the sportsman—the many-sided golfer, hunter, fisherman, horseman, baseball fan and ex-player, connoisseur of boxing, football, you name it, he's done it. The appointment had been set up long before. Bing Crosby is a busy man, but he promised to fit me into a three-day stay in Hollywood, wherein he would be working on a split-second timetable. I was prepared for a rather hectic interview. And hectic it was.

I met him first on a motion picture set with Ed Sullivan, with whom Crosby was filming a TV guest spot. The scene required them to sit on stools and watch a screening of Crosby singing *Trampin'* in a vintage film, *Go-Go Hollywood*, made over 25 years ago. Watching him as he watched his own youthful screen self, I could see how little time had changed him. At 58, he

was thinner, and his face more lined; but he looked fitter too, and more debonair. His much-antennated ears, standing out sturdily like handles on a sugar bowl, give him an elfin boyish touch that time cannot erase. And his humor, irrepressible as always, came bubbling forth as he followed his action on the screen.

"Look at him," he said of his screen image of long ago. "He's got guts. He's a game fella—but just listen to him. 'You came. I was alone. I might have known.' Oh, what's the use. The guy's got nothin'. He'll never go anywhere."

There are some—those who encounter Bing Crosby only briefly on business matters or some formal occasion—who consider him rude. He is a man who wastes no time on apple polishing or pleaser. In fact, he wastes no time at all. We talked, very often, on the run. Always on the move, he sometimes sipped coffee as he walked, looking straight ahead, avoiding people by the simple method of pretending he saw no one. At other times he would stop briefly to chat with a stagehand or a straggler, or to borrow a pen with

which he would write quick memos to himself on scraps of paper torn from a script.

"You gotta keep movin', keep circlin'," he said. "You gotta keep your left hand high and keep circlin'." And, abruptly, he added: "I never got bothered much about people. I think it's because I've made good friendships in every walk of life. I know people in high places in government, in the Army, the Navy; all the way down to jockeys, trainers and saddies. They're all my friends. I'm always comfortable with them. When I'm with them, nobody pays any attention to me. I know lots of people in our business who are never able to develop any other interests or associations outside of their profession, and it makes for a pretty insular existence."

This camaraderie with "jockeys, trainers and saddies" in which nobody pays any attention to him is probably the greatest single reason why Bing Crosby devotes so much of his time, effort and talent to participating in and sponsoring sports. Unconsciously, he had made a confession. He likes to be accepted on his merit, not just on his name.

On the day of 11 a.m. one morning, he stood before an overhead microphone in the recording studio of RCA Victor. It was one of two four-hour sessions in which he was recording a Dickel and album of his own selection.



BUNTING, BASEBALL (HOBBS PHOTOGRAPHY PRINTS COURTESY AND, ABOVE ALL, GOLF, WHERE HE PLAYS WITH PASSIONATE BLUE AIRS

CROSBY

Mixes hat or hatpiece, he was comically dressed in gray-green slacks, a loose-fitting, long-sleeved yellow gabardine shirt which had "Ring" monogrammed on the pocket. His well-worn brown "cracker" shoes added a final informal note.

A dozen or more pieces of sheet music were stacked on a stand in front of him. *Dream a Little Dream of Me* was opened.

"Let's run it over," Crosby said to the nine jazz musicians grouped around him. They had just tuned up when the studio door opened, and a photographer loaded down heavily with cur-

ries and flashlight equipment entered.

"Hi, Gene," Crosby said, "what you doin' here?"

"I'm supposed to take some pictures of you."

"Oh, no. Got no hair on, boy. Dad's got to paint some hair on."

The photographer had worked with Crosby before. He knew better than to argue.

"Tomorrow," Crosby conceded.

"You can do it tomorrow. I'll wear a baseball cap."

The photographer exited as quickly as he entered.

The red recording light went on and

the door wasn't opened again for the next four hours.

"Let's go, Mattie." Crosby struck his hands in his pockets and hitched up his trousers. When Mattie Malneck's music started, the singer's left foot began to tap and the rhythm pulsed throughout his body. Every motion and muscle sensitized to the beat, he sang clearly, softly, distinctly. When he hit a low note, he bent his knees and depressed his body as if its lowered position helped give the notes their deeper tones.

"You ain't just dreamin', boy, you is awake," he drawled during a trumpet solo.

The first take over, he sat wordlessly on a green-cushioned stool and, story-faced, listened to the recording being played back.

"Did it sound all right, Bing?" the control-room engineer asked.

continued

THE BING CROSBY TOURNAMENT

Some Notes On The Sponsor

At the Friars Club's seasonal dinner last winter in honor of Perry Como, Jack E. Leonard, one of the long line of comedians who was called on to direct a few unsuccessful if boring burlesque Como's song, suddenly began to speak in a tone that seemed to brook a change from the sht to reverence. "Perry," he said with a thread of emotion, "in closing, may I add that whenever I think of you, two words come to mind, two words which sum up all that is fine in American entertainment, two words which provide a maximum which is attainable in our country's artistry and which stand for certain traits and qualities admired the world over—and, Perry, my boy, those two words are Bing Crosby."

When you come right down to it, this amounts to a pretty fair summing up of the special place in the hearts of his contemporaries which Bing Crosby has earned over his quarter of a century as an American institution. The unique thing about Crosby, though, is that he has always been something more than an institution. Despite his colossal fame, people always think of him as being just another life-size individual, a fellow they feel they know and understand as well as they do the guy next door. Liking him from the first and recognizing in him (even when he had no idea those things were observable) a certain sense of humor and a certain kind of intelligence and a certain honesty they really admired, they have gotten a real kick out

of his occasional artistic shortcomings (like his first stiff attempt at the unfamiliar job of acting) and they have something akin to real personal pride in his development as an individual.

A large part of this great appeal of Crosby's lies in the fact that he has always had a mind of his own. If he says something, you know he has done the thing on his own. If he does something, you know he has pulled it over and that it really means something to him. Out of course, having been one of his chief enthusiasts, and this, quite simply, explains why the annual January tournament has stood out for two decades as the most favorable and enjoyable event on the winter tour.

H.W.W.

"Yah. Let's get on to the next one."

"It won't get too busy, will it?" he questioned once. In his early days with Paul Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys and in radio, Crosby worked with the jazz greats; the late Dorsey brothers, Artie Shaw, Joe Venuti, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Duke Ellington. The late, great cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, also a Whiteman alumna, was once his roommate.

Another time, the ex-drummer in him asserted itself. "I think Nick's done too many ticks," he said. And to the drummer: "Not quite as ticky, Nick. Over the first chorus there, make it a little lighter, nice and frothy."

"What next?" he'd ask. "Let's keep going while we're warm. . . . Go right along there, Sapphire," he said & is the Kingfish during a pause.

If a phrase didn't sound right to him, he kept singing it over and over to himself until he got the feeling, inflection, phrasing he wanted. "It would've been better if I'd learned how to read," he told the pianist.

Sometimes, between vocals, the spirit of the music was so much a part of him, hands in pocket, trousers hiked and whistling softly, that he would go into a shuffling soft-shoe, graceful, casual, content.

"Everybody loves a vamp," he commented during a lead-in.

"It gets you on and off," a musician said.

"I'd take a helluva vamp at that Hollywood Bowl to get you out there. . . . Man, you'd need a bicycle."

He ordered some food for the boys around 2 o'clock, and when it was delivered he kept right on, hamburger in hand, singing and chewing, never missing a beat. His eye over on the clock, the sixth side was finished at five minutes to 8.

"Thanks, folks," he said.

He walked over to a chair where his brown Eisenhower-type jacket was draped; took a pipe and tobacco pouch from the pockets and, puffing on his pipe, went into the control room to decide which takes he wanted to print. On his return, he put on a brown felt hat and the jacket which proved to be about eight inches shorter than his yellow shirt. This sartorial error concerned him not at all.

"C'mon," he said unexpectedly. "We'll go somewhere and talk." He led the way into the small outside lobby and plunked himself unceremoniously down on one of two chairs. The

switchboard operator did a double-take. An executive came to the rescue, offering, "You can use my office, Bing."

"Thanks."

We went inside.

"You sit at the desk," he said with surprising thoughtfulness. "You've got to write." He sank into a brown leather chair as utterly relaxed as if he hadn't done a speck of work all day. His whole manner was of warm, friendly communicativeness. But interviewed formally, his voice and words took on a scholarly note.

"I don't want to sound like a Delphic oracle or a sports pundit," he preface. "Sports of their very nature

"When I was about 15, I got a job in the summer as a locker boy in the municipal swimming pool. I could swim pretty well, so the next year I got a job as a lifeguard and got to going to swimming meets. . . . I used the Australian crawl, which was very new then. A fellow who had come up from Hawaii taught us."

"Once I was invited to a meet up in Idaho. Nobody would go with me, none of my brothers. They thought I had no chance, so I had to suffer the ignominy of going with my mother, which was embarrassing."

At the memory he squirmed in his chair like a 12-year-old.



KATHY GIVES A PARTY

Next Sunday, as the Bing Crosby Tournament draws to a close, Crosby's new wife, the former Kathryn Grant, will make her first television appearance together with her husband. The occasion: an hour-and-a-half-long party, *Bing Crosby and His Friends*, pre-record nationwide via CBS-TV. Along with coverage of the tournament wrap-up, the show will include comedy and music by a host of celebrities including Crosby himself, who will sing a new golf song. His wife Kathy will pre-entertain the women's angle, notably a sports fashion show which she will conduct together with Barbara Porter, now Korschak, who not so long ago was golf's women's amateur champion.

are controversial and opinions on sports are equally so. If you get any five guys together, guys of any experience or background, I'm sure you'd get five different points of view on any given sports subject.

"I've been interested in sports all my life," he went on, "ever since I was a kid. I can remember, in that long twilight up in the Northwest, we played kick the can or duck on the rock or baseball or handball until it finally got dark about 8:30 or 9 o'clock, and our folks would come to get us."

"We lived across the street from a Jesuit college in Spokane. The priests encouraged us youngsters to use the baseball diamonds, the handball courts, the football field. As a kid, I played everything."

"But since I was old enough to work, I've always had a job going for me. I used to get up at 5 in the morning to meet the paper cart and deliver papers. Then I'd get over to school and play handball. At lunch we'd play some more. Then after school I did janitor work or caddy or something. I liked to go to shows and have nice clothes; but since there were seven of us kids, my folks didn't have enough money to finance these things."

"I went because I wanted to be a man. Anyway, my mother and I went out and I came back with seven medals; firsts for diving and plunging for dives; several seconds in the 100- and 200-yard events; and some thirds in others."

"Then I got interested in baseball, and summers I played for a laundry in the semiprofessional leagues. I was about 15 or 16. Played second base. Good fielder. No hitter. Of course, at school I played on all the teams; football, basketball and basketball."

"My brother Everett went a little farther in varsity football than I did. The first two years of college I was on the baseball and football squads, and in the second two years I started to study law."

"I was working in a law office at that time and going to law school at night. That cut out the sports in college, but in the summers I used to go down and play semipro ball on those little farm teams in western Washington. I did some caddyding around that time, too. I used to swing a club now and then, but I never did play golf. Then I got to playing the drums and singing with the Musicaladers. I was doing better with the drums than I was with the

continued on page 29



12 YEAR OLD

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Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, painted for the Chivas Regal Fine Arts series by Harry Woodhouse. His canvas recaptures the exciting rediscovery of lighting, perspective and movement that appeared in the 14th, or "Golden Century", of Renaissance painting.



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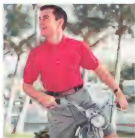
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SPORTING LOOK

CINDERELLA SNEAKERS

An old U.S. favorite has burst forth in beauty and is even imported from Italy

SENSIBLE OLD SNEAKERS, which have been doing all kinds of drudgery on American feet for more than 70 years, have suddenly, like Cinderella, burst forth in beauty. Once recognized on every dusty road or sandy beach by such distinctive treades as those at right, they appear now, brightly colored, in such unusual incarnations as high-heeled spectator sneakers for women and hand-sewn Italian-made sneakers for men. There are also such useful varieties as sneaker boots with warm fleece linings and saddle sneakers for the college set. And, still adapting themselves to different sports, new varieties range from Little League Baseball (with rubber cleats) to sailing (moulded squeegee soles). Pictured at left are new members of the fast-growing sneaker family: high heels with a gingham check (\$13, Valentine) and polka-dotted saddle (\$17, Demani); yellow flax of hemp with leather sole (\$8, Friendly). The woman's red boot is fleece-lined (\$6, U.S. Rubber); the saddle sneaker was designed by Vincent Richards for tennis (\$8, Dunlop). The corduroy chukka boot has a sneaker sole (\$7, U.S. Rubber). For the kids there are red sneakers (\$3, U.S. Rubber), for men and women colored hemp sneakers with crepe soles, imported from Italy (\$17, Demani).

FOOTLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE MARK



LUNCHING ON SUNDAY AT TOP OF ASPEN, FRANCIS DEGUNZBURG AND NED L. PIHLMAN ENJOY MAGNIFICENT ALPINE SCENERY

SOPHISTICATION AND SNOW

by MORT LUND

with photographs by TONI FREISSELL

Both are available in full measure at Aspen, the ski resort with the most varied trails and most cosmopolitan night life of any ski town in the U.S.

ASPEN is the City of Lights for American skiers. There are resorts that have steeper slopes, and there are others with deeper powder or more exclusive clientele; but none can match the variety of the skiing or the rousing night life of the little Rocky Mountain town 217 miles west of Denver.

Aspen draws the country's sophisticated skiers by the lodgeful. They come, like the skiers in the picture above, to enjoy the superb Alpine atmosphere, to ski the miles of trails and to join the round of after-ski dinners and parties for which Aspen is famous. They come by plane from New York and San Francisco, by car from Texas and Michigan, and by rail from Denver

on the California Zephyr winding over and under the Rockies to the nearby town of Glenwood Springs.

When they arrive in Aspen, they see a bustling boom town. But Aspen has not always been this way, nor has it been this way long. In fact, 12 years ago it was a half-deserted mining village. Aspen boomed in the 1880s as a silver-mine metropolis, complete with a \$90,000 opera house and a mile-long race track. When the price of silver dropped in 1893, Aspen went bust and stayed busted for 50 years.

Then, in 1945, Walter Paepcke, then president of the Container Corporation of America, arrived in town to buy land for a permanent summer cul-

tural festival he hoped to establish. Paepcke found two things in Aspen: real estate lots selling for as little as \$85 apiece, and an ex-Army mountain troop ski instructor named Friedl Pfeiffer, who thought Aspen could be the greatest ski town in the U.S.

Paepcke listened to Pfeiffer and set out to raise money for a lift. Out of this collaboration came the Aspen of 1958: five soaring ski lifts, half a mountain cleared of trees for skiing, some 45 ski lodges, and a real estate bonanza that has ordinary lots selling for \$4,600 to \$5,000. The president of the Container Corporation of America is now known here as "Mr. Paepcke that made everything possible."

The focus of Aspen skiing is the wonderful snow bowl at the start of the Dipsey Doodle trail. This is the favorite habitat of the mass of intermediate skiers. The bowl serves also as warmup territory for advanced skiers on their way to running the fine powder slopes on either side of Bell Mountain, the steep pitches of the two-mile Silver Queen trail, or the really tough moguls (day translation: snow mounds) down Katie's Run.

Below the Dipsey Doodle is a huge gorge known as Spar Gulch. Spar's friendly, smooth floor, some 80 yards wide, provides an exhilarating funnel down to the top of Little Nell, a beginner's slope with its own double chair and special set of beginner's moguls.

A word should be said here about the moguls, Aspen variety. They are not to be confused with the eastern kind, which usually grow in well-separated groups of twos and threes. Aspen's are bunched like waves in a choppy sea. The efficient ski school run by Co-Directors Friedl Pfeiffer and Fred Berlin teaches skiers how to handle them in controlled runs, but moguls can be murder at high speed.

Unacclimated skiers have discovered that storming down Aspen trails leaves them with just enough strength to crawl into bed by the end of the day, an unfortunate result because the after-skiing night life is too good to miss.

The easiest way for skiers to start the evening is to make the final Circuitry of the day at the door of the Skiers' Chalet at the base of No. 1 lift and go on in for a beer. Or they can pull up at Little Nell Cafe and get a bourbon toddy and a delicious bowl of oyster stew. This strictly American fare gives way to the European influence at Guido's Swiss Inn, a little farther into town. Guido offers Glühwein, a hot spiced wine pick-me-up best topped off with some of Guido's Swiss pastry.

Hotel Jerome has the biggest bar in town. Consequently, it is considered headquarters for a large portion of the beer-drinking after-skiing crowd. The mirror-barked bar is flanked by old theatrical posters and Gay Nineties barbershop advertising that lists haircuts at 35¢, shaving a corpse at 55¢.

The alternate headquarters is Bear Gulch, the bar at the Red Onion. The Gulch has preserved intact the fine woodwork of the original miners' bar. More important, it usually has a roaring before-dinner beer sing.

continued



ASPEN TRAILS: 1: Sundevic; 2: Barkhorn; 3: Silver Bell; 4: One and Two Leaf; 5: Copper trail start; 6: Copper; 7: Gentlemen's Ridge; 8: Collins Gulch to Grand Junction; 9: Bell Mt. Ridge; 10: Spar Gulch; 11: Short Start; 12: FIR trail; 13: FIS start; 14: Little Cockscomb; 15: Rock; 16 and 21: Silver Queen; 17: Magnifico Gate#; 18: Corcoran; 19: The Island; 20: Mine Road; 22: Little Nell; 23: Jump; 24: Headland; 25: Norway Slope. ASPEN LIFTS - A: No. 1; B: No. 2; C: No. 3; D: No. 4; E: No. 5.



POISED FOR PLUNGE down skiable course, ski racer Max Marolt looks down at Aspen.

SEEKING THE Ralph Jackson, a youthful 44, is self-proclaimed "King of the Ski Races." Bare—the word has no derogatory implication among the skiers who take on available winter jobs at big resorts, asking only that the jobs leave plenty of time for skiing. Jackson taught at Aspen all winter, then disappeared in spring with the snow to find country by himself. Jackson made long cigarette holder and the standing cup his trademarks while at Aspen.



ASPEN

continued

When it comes to sitting down for dinner, Aspen has the best restaurants of any U.S. ski resort. In fact, out of respect for the quality of the public kitchens, Aspen lodges serve only breakfast, if that.

Early the most exotic menu in the area is the one at the Four Seasons, three miles out of town. There the Copper Kettle kitchen serves—depending on the day—eastern European, Scandinavian, French or Italian cuisine in a candlelit dining hall decorated with early American copper and Oriental furnishings.

In Aspen itself the Red Onion, run by Swiss chefs Werner Kuster and Arnold Senn, puts out the best charcoal steaks in Colorado. Dinner music is by oldtime Jazz Clarinetist Freddie Fisher, who goes almost back to mining days, plays early, early Dixieland. At Mario's skiers eat Italian and, before or after, perch on stools around the grand piano listening to Mario's fine opera-trained tenor. The town's newest eating place, Le Rendezvous, has a prime rib guaranteed to put even back in the legs for the remainder of the evening and for tomorrow's skiing. Also new is the Limesette, where Folk Singer Marilyn Childs holds forth. At the Golden Horn dining room the Saturday special is roast duck. At the club downstairs Steve Knowlton, former U.S. national ski team member, has a between-dance show that is rough, ready and funny. (Steve is credited with the line, "I want you to meet Mr. Possible who made all this Paepke.")

Getting a room or a bed in Aspen is only a question of price—the town holds 1,500 skiers, so there is plenty of room for everybody. Lodging fees begin at \$2.50 for a dormitory bunk at the Roaring Fork and \$3 for a bed at the Prince Albert Dormitory. In the medium price range, there are places like Alpine Lodge (\$5.50 to \$10) and Aspenhol (\$3 to \$5.50). The Prospector, a top-price lodge, charges \$15 to \$30. If you arrive in a crowd, the Glory Hole Motel, right at the edge of town nearest the 90s, puts four in a room for \$15.

Aspen's high season is February and March, when winter vacations and deep powder snow bring on the crowds. But Aspen is high in the Rockies, so that the snow comes early and stays till late in the spring. From December through April there is, in fact, no really wrong time to come to Aspen, the town that, for skiers, has everything. (CER)



VISITOR Sally Kingman of Concord, Mass., took time off from New York City job to watch national ski championships and world championship team trials held at Aspen last February and March. Together with 1,500 other skiers who jammed lodges to full capacity, Sally saw triple gold medal Olympic Champion Toni Sailer beat some of world's best in typically exciting Aspen races. Afterward she sampled trails on her own, found them as much fun for recreation as for races.

WAITRESS Diane Merrill of Portland, Ore. is typical of pretty ex-collegians who spend winter in Aspen. Regular job waiting on tables at Golden Horn restaurant gave Diane free time to ski all morning, enjoy parties with Aspen's younger crowd after work. Girl members of Aspen ski team are less serious than men, usually try the life for a year or two, then retire into marriage. Many return later as visitors, bringing their husbands and children for winter vacations.





STEEP SNOW FIELDS of Silver Queen (above), Aspen's toughest ski trail, fall away before spectators while far below racers slash the sharp-breaking slopes typical of this rugged ski terrain. At the end of Aspen trails, bright-clad skiers (below) fraternize leisurely while waiting their turns at chair lift for ride back up.





PIPIROUSPI **WARM** of a carefree resort setting on the sun-patch of Snow's Chalet brings Sugar girls to Olympic skier Buster Warner and musician Eric Lundberg. Varied bars, restaurants and night clubs make Aspen's social life busiest of all U.S. ski resorts.

BONNIE PRUDDEN

25

The monkey walk gives you
an almost simian flexibility

To strengthen the shoulders, which are weak in most Americans, and also to help achieve greater flexibility in your back and hamstrings, Bonnie this week gives you the monkey walk. It may seem difficult at first, but don't worry—it's supposed to stretch you, and as your flexibility improves from the exercise, you will find it easier to do. Increase the number of repetitions at a comfortable pace.

Get in a crawling position on hands and knees. Then raise your body until your legs are straight and you are "walking" on your hands and feet like a monkey. Proceed in this fashion across the floor.



When you do the monkey walk try to keep your feet as close to your hands as possible. As your back and hamstring flexibility improves, your body should come nearer to forming an inverted V.



They Shouldn't Have Lost

FROM BOWL TO BOWL

JACKSONVILLE The nation's climactic week of football started on the Saturday before New Year's Day in the Gator Bowl, and the keynote of this battering, old-fashioned football game between Tennessee and Texas A&M was defense. The Volunteers were a little deeper and, by the fourth quarter, the Aggies sagged enough to allow a game-deciding field goal and a 0-3 defeat. The Vols had the best running back in Bobby Gordon but A&M's Heisman Award winner, John Crow, contributed some of the most violent tackling in bowl history. Twice he sent Gordon reeling in a daze after head-on impact. But Sam Burklow, an extra-point specialist, provided the only score, a 1-yard field goal worth victory.

MIAMI The New Year's Day festivities started in the Orange Bowl, where Oklahoma demonstrated the advantages of alertness by a score of 48-21. The Sooners, who react to a loose football the way a cat reacts to a mouse, took advantage of numerous Duke errors with quick-scoring plays. "These Oklahoma guys can change from defense to offense in a split second," said Herman Hickman. "On an interception, the blockers are out in front of the ball carrier in two steps." This may not have been one of the great Oklahoma teams, but it left the impression that it offers a sound base for future great ones.

NEW ORLEANS In the Sugar Bowl it was the speed and power and savvy of Mississippi against a University of Texas team which lacked all three. The result was the most overwhelming of all bowl victories as Ole Miss prevailed 59-7. Two fine quarterbacks—Bobby Franklin and Ray Brown—operated the nation's best ground attack methodically against an enthusiastic but clumsy Texas defense. Brown, who played magnificently all day, added spectacular insult to grievous injury late in the game: intending to punt from his own end zone, he changed his mind and ran more than the length of the field for a touchdown, escorted most of the way by half the Ole Miss team.

DALLAS Precision was the name for Navy in the Cotton Bowl as the Midshipmen controlled the game all afternoon to beat Rice 20-7. A little, black-haired Irishman named Tom Forrestal maintained a calm, taut and often brilliant command of the shipshape Navy team, and Rice never had a chance. Said Navy Coach Eddie Erdelatz: "Everything worked, nothing backfired." Most of the nation's TV fans, who spent the day switching from channel to channel to see all the games, seemed to agree that Navy looked like the best of all the bowl teams. Forrestal, mixing passes to fullback Ray Wellborn and End Pete Jekanovich with a beautifully precise running attack, kept Rice's defense off balance.

PASADENA Blistering, burly Ohio State used brute force to overcome a fleet, imaginative Oregon team 10-7.

Oregon's insulted Webfoots, not given a chance against mighty Ohio State, find glory in defeat

by JIM MURRAY

JUST BEFORE the Oregon football team ran out onto the Rose Bowl field to start the game, a distressed spectator shook his head pityingly: "Poor devils! Don't you think they ought at least to blindfold them?"

The point was, the game that followed was supposed to be a drawn-out execution with the Ohio State Buckeyes on the business end of the firing squad. The worst defeat in Rose Bowl history was freely predicted for the Oregon Ducks.

As it turned out, the doughty Oregon team was still staring its "executioners" resolutely in the eye right up to the final gun. A field goal, hardly the weapon of an irresistible attack, was the margin of victory. A missed field goal from exactly the same spot was the margin of defeat. The Oregonians outgained and out-first-downed the team which had gone into the game as the No. 1 team in the nation.

Few West Coast teams in the long torment of defeat by the Big Ten had given as good an account of themselves. And it was Oregon's quarterback, Jack Crabtree, who was voted the Player of the Game, and it was the Oregon coach, Len Casanova, who got carried off the field on the shoulders of his players.

The Ohio Staters, while not, to be sure, ashamed of themselves, slipped more furiously into their dressing rooms than any of their victorious predecessors. "Well, at least we beat the garbblers' price again," was the first reaction of Coach Woody Hayes as he reached the dressing room.

Ohio State started out as though the game was to be as one-sided as everyone said. Their attack was an unstoppable buffalo stampede. The Buckeye theory of offense is to hand the ball to the fullback and get the hell out of his way. This entails knocking down the opposing linemen in the process, but it never occurred to OSU that



UP AND OVER goes Oregon's great evil, Ron Stover, after catching a pass from Jack Crabtree; spilling him is Ohio State's Joe Casanova (36) as Bill Jukko (62) looks on.



UP AND IN goes Coach Len Casanova as the shoulders of his team after near victory.

this would be any particular problem.

In the beginning, it wasn't. The Ohio stampede knocked Oregon's best lineman, Harry Mondale, right out of the game on the first series of plays. The score was Ohio State 7, Oregon 0, almost before they got Mondale dragged out of the way.

Then when Oregon got the ball Quarterback Crabtree saw that the massively strong Ohio State iron gang could not move laterally as well as it could straight ahead and that he was burning the Buckeye defense badly with split-T rollouts. Ohio's problem was that its linebackers, admittedly a step or two slower than Oregon's ruckously fast trailing backs, Am Shanley and Jack Menis, could not commit themselves too soon or Crabtree would pluck the ball back and Oregon would be off for the end zone. Prudent play dictated they drift with the play and drifting entailed giving Oregon a grudging but unavailing five to six yards per crack. The alert Ducks put the ball quickly in the end zone when they realized this, and the score was tied, 7-7.

Ohio State was too good a football team to permit this to go on. The rest of the game was a head-busting Donnybrook, the kind the Big Ten revels in but which is supposed to be too much for more effete sections of the country such as the Pacific Coast. There was no evidence that this was a new experience for Casanova's Oregon Ducks

at all. After Mondale, there were no more stretcher cases.

Neither, it should be said, was there any quarter asked on the Ohio State side of the field. The scarlet and gray played a typically determined game and deserved victory quite as much as Oregon. The big fact, it seemed to disappointed West Coast rooters, was not so much that Oregon deserved to win as that Oregon deserved not to lose. A tie might have been poetic justice.

But the Big Ten does not deal in poetic justice. It deals in victories, as was made clear by the State coach—a loud, lovable character who read the riot act to the press, officials and everyone else within earshot in 1955 on his last, victorious trip to the Rose Bowl.

In some respects the Woody Hayes of 1953's game was a changed man. This was not to say he relented to the extent of throwing his practices open to West Coast writers. But he did announce that he would personally screen any of Ohio State's game pictures for any reporter who wanted to see them. Woody got one taker, and that scribe staggered hollow-eyed out of the projection room at the end of the private viewing to announce in discouraged pease that Ohio State was the "Murder, Inc." of college football.

Although Murder, Inc. was something less than lethal during the game, Woody conceded little to Oregon afterward. Sure, they had played a fine

game, he allowed. "But they didn't deserve to win," he said. "The better team always wins, always. And we won."

In the Oregon dressing room, Coach Len Casanova stared glumly at the floor as a photographer called for a smile. "I never smile when I lose," Casanova confided. Wasn't he pleased with the play of his team? "They're a great bunch of guys," admitted Casanova. "They were made fun of by everybody. You can't humiliate a bunch of players the way my boys were and expect them to like it. We were supposed to be the swiftest team ever to play in the Rose Bowl. We knew we were a good team and I hope now everybody knows it. I told the boys that I just wanted to be proud of them when it was all over. And I am."

For his part, Hayes was content with the narrow win. He admitted he had told his team at half time not to pass any more. "I reminded the boys that I saw a beam on television a couple days ago that lost because it got fancy [Texas A&M]. I said they had an All-America in the backfield but they got fancy. Our team doesn't get fancy."

"We won because they gave us the ball four times, twice on fumbles and twice on pass interceptions," shrieked Hayes. "We made no fumbles and had no passes intercepted." As Coach Hayes implied, it was not fancy. But it won.

SWEATING IT OUT IN THE

ORDINARILY, Gannon College in Erie, Pennsylvania is as deserted during the Christmas vacation as any other school—or more deserted, for the half-dozen buildings along Sixth Street west of Peach are closed, and cold winds from Lake Erie discourage strolling under the elms of Perry Square. But between Christmas and New Year's a light gleamed in the entrance of the basement of the college library; the U.S. Intercollegiate Chess Championship was under way, and Gannon, seizing an opportunity all other educational institutions have neglected, has made itself the college chess center of the country.

In the big, brightly lit basement, which serves as the student commons when college is in session, the 22 contenders assembled the day after Christmas, held a brief business meeting and

moves by a University of Oklahoma player who, driving fast for 23 hours, had reached Erie just in time for the tournament. A few minutes later the representative of Case Institute in Cleveland resigned to Saul Yarmak, an economics major from Los Angeles City College who financed his trip east by pre-Christmas-vacation work for a brokerage house.

But most of the games ran the full three or four hours. Anthony Saldy of Fordham, one of the strongest college players, a veteran of the international college matches at Upsala and in Ireland, underestimated Tim Kent of Pitt, wasted time on his early moves—such player was required to make a minimum of 50 moves in two hours—and barely won by a dozen brilliant moves in the final minutes, the last with only

the University of Pennsylvania—but it was also plain that Gannon's policy of welcoming chess had created one of the most pleasant, intellectually stimulating and exciting events in American chess history.

The college became a chess center eight months ago. Almost all Gannon's 1,999 students work in Erie industries, including General Electric and Hammmill Paper and, while the college adjusted its schedule to working hours, student activities naturally languished. When Mordcaai Rubin, a former photographer now on the faculty, suggested a chess club, the response was astounding: 80 members signed up, few with any knowledge of chess but all interested in a sport that is sedentary, relaxing, and, at its best, enthralling. The Gannon Chess Club holds dances,



PROF. MORDCAAI RUBIN OF OSU SUCKS CIGAR



YARMAK OF LOS ANGELES KNEADS BROW



RON HICKEY OF GANNON GLASPS HANDS

settled down at the boards. There they remained, generally speaking, for five days. The players with the white men made their first move—pawn to king four in eight of the 11 games—and hastily pressed the levers that stopped the clocks on their side and started the clocks of their opponents. Silence. The ticking of the chess clocks, newly purchased by the Gannon Chess Club, was distinctly audible. Heads bowed, throats parched, hearts pounding and hands trembling, the players sat immobile, as if they were hypnotized by the chessmen they were moving. A round-faced beginner from Gannon named Roland Gindlesperger suddenly looked stricken; he was defeated in 17

seconds to spare. The round over, the players straggled to the handsome quarters that Gannon College provided for them in its new, modern, red-and-white dormitory standing incongruously among Erie's mellow red-brick General Grant residences.

They ate lightly, drank milk, played a little poker and talked chess in the silence of a dormitory that was empty except for them. Nine o'clock the next morning they were back at their boards. At 10 o'clock that night the third round was over. By that time it was plain that the new champion was going to be one of the three college chess masters—either Saldy, Yarmak or Charles Kalme, an 18-year-old freshman from

conducts tours to metropolitan chess events, and welcomes high school recruits to its competitors. As the chess club became a center of college social life, Dr. Tibor Drezga, who teaches political science, disclosed that he had won in the 1928 chess Olympics and also become champion of Paris; he was drafted to play a simultaneous match against 70 students, and won them all. For last week's tournament the college put up most of the prize—\$500 in scholarship funds to be used in the winners' schools, the first such award in the history of American college chess.

None of this automatically produces great chess players, or players who have any chance of beating the Russian

CHESS BOWL

While Pasadena, Miami, New Orleans and Dallas were concentrating on football the collegiate chess stars battled in Erie, Pa.

by ROBERT CANTWELL

masters. But it has created an atmosphere in which the game has a chance to grow. The biggest news of the Gannon tournament was that the experienced chess masters present consistently underestimated their new, untried and inexperienced opponents. Ordinarily the few masters breeze through their games with the beginners and face their only real competition in the last rounds when they come up against players of their own rank. At Gannon their games were all tough—another way of saying the average level of competition had taken a big jump upward. The beginners lost through nervousness, the psychological terror induced by playing against a chess master—another way of saying a new crop of masters is coming into being if the atmosphere created at Gannon can be sustained. In his game

underestimate the beginners was Charles Kalme. A prodigy who began playing four years ago and won the national junior championship at 16, Kalme looks like the sort of character who boards onstage in a Noel Coward comedy carrying a tennis racket. He is, however, a straight A math major, intensely serious, and plays a cool and graceful chess of elemental simplicity, profoundly respectful of the game and his opponent. When he met Saily on the third day of the tournament, one or the other was going to be knocked out of the running for the championship. At 4:25 in the afternoon, with the board nearly even, Saily offered a draw, and Kalme shook his head wonderingly. By that time most of the games were over, and the players gathered in a circle around the table. Hall a dozen

concealed what it was, sealed it in an envelope and left it with the tournament director. He left the room in a dead silence. Saul Yarnmak picked up Saily's cuff links. "Tony's so rattled he left his cuff links behind," he said, a faraway look in his eyes.

In his room in Wehrle Hall, young Kalme took out his chess board and played over every conceivable variation from the position in which the men had been left. In his nearby room, Saily was playing over every conceivable line from his position. Kalme walked back to the library first, but the basement was still dark. He walked through Perry Square, and down State Street to the hidden bay where the fleet was built that won the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812. At 8 o'clock he reached the library to resume the game at almost



EPICURE DEFEAT BY SAIDY OF JORDAN



DALE RUTH OF OKLAHOMA PETCHES YARN



ULTIMATE CHAMPION KALME CUPS CHIN

with Yarnmak, for example, Dale Ruth of Oklahoma was winning, but he was also trembling so violently he knocked the chessman over when he tried to move them. He started to move his bishop, saw that he was lost if he did, tried to draw back, dropped the piece, buried his face in his hands and resigned. Then in the fifth round Ruth trapped Saily's queen—certain victory in anybody's chess game. But Saily merely smiled imperturbably, as if it were a part of his plan, while Ruth was so astonished at his triumph he lost a rook and two bishops in three moves, and Saily made another spectacular comeback to win.

The one master present who did not

students in work clothes joined the gallery. Outside, the pre-New Year celebrations had started. In the cloudless sky, thick with stars, Sputnik II passed directly overhead, plainly visible, while the game was still going on.

Saily again ran into time trouble. He had to make 20 moves in 15 minutes to meet the minimum of 60 moves in two hours. He made his 50th move just as the flag dropped on his clock. Both players stood up. They looked like people who have been sandbagged. Saily rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat, and walked to his room in Wehrle Hall for the recess rest. Kalme, his hands trembling, wrote out his 50th move on a card, leaning over the board to

the same moment Saily arrived. "I can tell you I'm not going to win," Saily said—he thought he still had a chance to draw. An hour later Saily looked up, extended his hand, and said, "Your game." Kalme had clinched the championship; his remaining games were against far weaker opponents than those he had already beaten.

"It is very good chess," said Dr. Dreaga. "I am surprised. They play the openings with great care, and their games have a quality—a kind of pleasant seriousness. Very good boys. Very promising young masters. Of course, no world genius. . . ." He paused and glanced at Kalme. "Well, maybe in a few years."

END

The Odyssey of Victor Seixas

The announced retirement of the effervescent Philadelphian evokes some long thoughts on the tennis career of audacious Horeizos

JUST PREVIOUS to the recent Davis Cup matches, in which he once again performed so valiantly in his familiar role of a hero of a lost cause, Vic Seixas announced that he had had his fill of spending November and December in Australia and that the 1957 expedition would be his last one evermen to play in the Davis Cup challenge round. Over the years Vic has made almost as many final farewells as Sarah Bernhardt, but now he is approaching 35, which is old even for a man of Seixas' indestructible physique, and chances are he probably means what he says. If he does, it will mark the close of a truly remarkable career.

Seixas has appeared in 20 Davis Cup challenge-round matches, doubles and singles, more than anyone since the days of Tilden. By every reasonable law of athletics, he should have had no international career at all. If a tennis player is going to develop into a star, he invariably gives definite indications of this when he is in his early 20s. By 27 he is on the way down. Seixas began when he was 27. Up to that time he was sort of a cross between a regional lion and a national lamb. He was never ranked better than seventh nationally—just another fairly good player going no place in particular. The big change actually began to take place early in 1956 when Vic, who had never competed in Europe, took himself over for the French Championships and the run of English tourneys which culminate with Wimbledon. All of a sudden his game started to take on new power and new dimensions. This may have simply come from the discovery he made in matches against supposedly superior players that his game was better than he had appreciated. In the French Championships, for example, when he and Budge Patty opposed Eric Sturges and Jaroslav Drobný in the semifinals of the doubles, Seixas was expected to be the least effective man on the court. He was the strongest.

Seixas then embarked on his brilliant if jagged career. During his low periods

he was extremely beatable, even by second-class players. But he enjoyed periods of wonderful form and, at one time or another, won everything there is to be won in tennis: Wimbledon in 1955, our National Singles in 1954, our



SEIXAS HAS TERRIFIC FLAIR FOR NET PLAY

National Doubles in 1952 and 1954, endless mixed doubles championships with Doris Hart and, most important of all, he teamed with Tony Trabert in 1954 to win back the Davis Cup from Australia. This was the year Vic set up the victory by defeating Rosewall in four sets. It was quite an achievement. In their six previous encounters Rosewall had won six straight times, controlling the play by taking more advantage of Vic's major weakness, his ground strokes, than Vic could take of Rosewall's major weakness, his forehand. This time, however, almost by sheer force of purpose, Seixas was able to persist with Captain Talbert's pre-match plan for him to pound Rosewall's forehand and keep pounding it regardless of what else took place, and the tremendous pressure of that attack did break down Rosewall's forehand, and that won the Davis Cup.

Rosewall was mechanically a better player than Seixas. So were many

other players he defeated. He did it, in the last analysis, on fight. Sometimes he fought so hard he became the victim of his own intense overemotion and defeated himself, as he did in the 1956 Wimbledon semifinals against Rosewall. Many times more often, though, even when he was off form, he pulled out big matches by persevering long after most men would have given in and then, quite miraculously, forcing his way out of the slough of despair with a sustained streak of brilliant volleying. To beat a top man, Seixas had to get to the forecourt. There he was as good as anyone. His recurring problem was how to get there, since his service was an in-and-out affair and his ground strokes (scoped forehand, sliced backhand) were seldom strong enough to allow him to follow in behind them. By employing a wide variety of spins on his service and his backcourt strokes, he sought to take the edge and pace off his opponent's ground-stroke production. When this didn't work, he had no alternative but to break that cardinal rule of tennis tactics and try to get up to net behind his obviously unforcing shots. So amazing were his court coverage and his reflexes as a volleyer that on occasions he could "live" at mid-court and forecourt when, really, you wouldn't have thought he had a ghost of a chance.

These fighting, gambling tactics and his vital court personality made nearly every match Seixas appeared in dramatic and roiling and exhausting. You played it with him. In short, he poured so much spirit into his tennis that, even though he was not a player experts would classify as truly first rank, he approximated the stature and color of a great player. Aside from his ground strokes, Vic Seixas' chief weakness has been his love of the game, and this may yet prove his undoing. If he is needed next December, he may not be able to resist making still another final farewell tour.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



RAVEN 22'

let others hug the shore

The open sea beckons you. Century's new, husky Raven runs level, comes up beautifully through the swells and keeps you dry in a sea. She makes over 30 mph and is comfort-inspired for cruising, off-shore fishing, and skiing! Bunks under forward deck. Live bait tank/ice chest with drain. Weather top and side curtains. Cam and lever positive steering. All-African mahogany planked hull. Details on request.



Headquarters of Boats

VIKING 10'



The Viking has a new look. She's level cabin, seats high and wide. Chrome-trimmed windshield. New gun and lever positive steering, not flip! Ice box and alcohol water gun, rear. Sky, fishing and skiing. 16-horsepower outboard, planked hull. Optional convertible top. See Century's Raven and Viking at the Boat Shows.

CENTURY BOAT COMPANY
Box 380, Muskegon, Michigan

SPORTSMAN BING CROSBY

continued from page 40

law, so I gave up the law and wound up in show business.

"I started playing golf when I joined Paul Whiteman. Later on, when I began to make a lot of money with radio, recordings, the movies, I got interested in horses. They had an awful time promoting Santa Anita around this town. No one thought racing had any future here, but when I was in the East in the early '30s, I was around the big stables in Saratoga. I knew the Whitneys and Alfred Vanderbilt and those people, and I got bitten by the bug, so when they came around soliciting people to purchase stock in Santa Anita, I just took some because I didn't want to get shut out if the races started here."

"My colors were blue and gold, same as my theme song. My trainer, Albert Johnson, was a famous jockey who came from my horse town. We had moderate success.

"Then I got into partnership with Lin Howard, the son of Charles Howard of Seabiscuit fame. We brought up some horses from the Argentine—Ligero, Don Mike, Don Bing (we brought him up as a weanling) and a good race, Hurricane." Methodically, he spelled out the names.

"About our second year of operation, we won all the major stakes at Hollywood Park. The horses were paying for themselves. This went on for a few years. Then we had bad luck and injuries. I went more or less into the breeding end of it, and used these horses as stallions.

"A popular misconception about horses and racing is that a famous stallion will always produce a good horse. Actually, the race is the dominant factor in the quality of the horse produced by the mating. A mare who had racing class will probably throw good foals, and if she produced stakes winners, it's a good chance she'll continue to do so. If she's bred to any worthwhile stallion.

"Well, we never had much success breeding a good horse, and through lack of success and disappointments my interest waned and I sold out about two years ago to Lin Howard.

"Like the Del Mar race track. I was in there (as president and co-founder) a few years and sold out. There was a lot of work and a lot of politics involved, and I just didn't have time for it. It was fun at first, and then it got to be work, just like everything else.

He put a match to his pipe and puffed reflectively. "That was quite a

while ago," he said. "There's much more racing, bigger purses and more incentive these days and, naturally, more great riders are developed. But, possibly, outside of the top few, the jockeys aren't such good judges of pace as some of the oldtimers. This is tremendously important in riding a race.

"For example—" he reached for a scratch pad and pencil and jotted down some figures. "A horse of good quality is supposed to run, if he's going a mile, every eighth in 12 seconds. Anything faster than that, going a mile or more, is a killing pace, and he's got to stop. So if a rider knows that the horses in front of him are running in 11 for each eighth of a mile for the first four eighths, they've got to back up to him.

"When you hear people say that a horse closed with a great rush through the stretch, it's not so much that he's flying, it's just that the horses who were in front are running their last quarter in 21, and he's running his in 24, as he should be.

"Confound it, isn't it? Well, figure five lengths to a second; he's picking up 15 lengths in the last quarter of a mile. This is not a novel revelation." He put down the pencil. "Anybody who goes to the races much will consider this fundamental."

I asked him about baseball, and his face lit up. "I'm an old baseball player," he said, "and I love the game. That's why I bought a 15% interest in the Pittsburgh Pirates. Of course,

it's your dream to see a team you're connected with get into the World Series. . . .

"It seems to me quite possible that we may have three leagues someday which will provide more opportunities. One thing's for sure: the heavily populated centers in Texas and places like St. Paul and Minneapolis are going to have big league baseball someday. Look at Los Angeles and San Francisco—they can certainly support major league teams.

"There'll be no shortage of players. The Little League and youth baseball programs are going to see to that. . . . Baseball is a good career for any athlete. The hours are pleasant and the rewards magnificent. If I was a young fellow of requisite strength and athletic ability and wanted to be a ball-player, I'd learn to be a catcher. There's a useful lack of first-class catchers in the big leagues. A good catcher can make an awful lot of money, particularly if he can hit a little."

A checker in the targets

"It's a hitter's game now—too much so to suit me. I think a pitcher ought to be allowed to put a bead on the ball if he can get it by the hitter. The way these hitters do out nowadays, a checker out there must feel like he's standing amidst the targets on a rifle range.

"The same thing applies to basketball. All that refereeing and those whistles and those real tall guys who can almost touch the basket don't interest me. I get more kick out of a real good ball handler than a good set-shot or hook-shot artist.

"I'd rather see a good college football game between two well-matched teams than between two professional teams, barring a professional game where a championship is involved. The professional players are admittedly a little more adroit, a little more clever, but I don't think they have the deathless desire of the collegians. I don't mean that they dog it, for if they dog it, they get beat—or released—but they've only got eight or 10 years of professional play in which to make their bundle and they've got to protect themselves.

"A player who stands out in my memory is Kenny Washington, who played for UCLA. He was a terrific passer, one of the greatest, a wonderfully deceptive runner with lots of power straight ahead, and one of the greatest defensive halfbacks I've ever seen. He could hint the ball carrier

continued



AT THE MIKE. Crosby is relaxed, casual, but alert to every beat and hit in music.

continued

into declaring himself and then call him dead. He was a top competitor and a gentleman, an end of the field.

"Gary, my oldest son, would have been a helluva college athlete, but he broke his shoulder and had to have a serious operation on it. He was a good high school fullback and a great competitor. In fact, he was a little over-malous."

He smiled apologetically, like a proud but proper parent who is fearful his offspring's antics might be misunderstood.

"I saw one game where Gary fought with the opposing players and his own team and the referee. Not content with that, he got in a fight with a guy in the stands. He used to go mad trying to win. I never saw a kid want to win so badly."

"I saw him play against Alameda High School. He went through the line and made a nice gain. The opposing fullback really roughed him up. He bent down to help Gary up and Gary slapped him. Needless to say, he was through for the afternoon."

"Gary's in Germany now. He's trimmed down to 185 and is in fine shape. Lissy, who's a real good golfer, is in the Army and the twins have been discharged. Phil's gone back to Washington State College to study ranching and Dennis is being tutored so he can go back to college."

What about card playing, I asked him.

"No," he said, "I don't play much cards. Maybe it's because I don't concentrate well. I do play gin rummy if I have to kill some time, waiting for a plane or train or on a long ride somewhere. But I'm a poor poker player. I like to get into every pot and this can be expensive. But it bares me to sit all night waiting for clitches."

"In golf, I think a \$2 Nassau is an adequate wager. I've played for all kinds of amounts, from a Merabey bar up to \$108. Sometimes you get involved with guys who want to go a little bigger, but \$2 is enough for me. I'll also play for nothing. I don't need anybody else's money. I have another way of making a living and it hardly seems astute for me to give them a crack at my meager savings."

He laughed slyly. The road to Fort Knox is paved with Bob Hope's jokes about Crosby's money.

"I don't want to get rich on golf," he continued, "but some fellows do. Unhappily, the cupidity in some is so

strong they'll spend weeks before a tournament turning in bad scores to get their handicap up so when the actual play starts they'll be in great shape to win the money. I'm too hammy for this, I guess, not that I'm impossibly honest, but I spend all my time trying to get my handicap down so that I can be proud of my game—a considerable luxury, I might add.

"I think Calcuttas should be confined strictly to club members, with a limit put on the money to be bid for a team. It's dangerous to have staggering sums put up as awards for amateur play.... They have a sign over the



OF HIS MOTHER, now just 88, Crosby says, "She still manages to get to the race track three or four times a week, and she always bets \$2 as the favorite to show."

Bohemian Club in San Francisco which reads, 'Weaving spiders come not here.' This seems to me to be a singularly appropriate rule of thumb for all golf clubs.

"I watch the fights on TV and go to the big ones once in a while. I had an interest once in Freddie Steele, a middle-weight champion—around 1936—from my home town. I think Rocky Marciano is the greatest who ever lived because of his inexhaustible supply of energy and incredible stamina. I saw Dempsey fight and all these great fighters—I never saw John L. Sullivan or his contemporaries—but I think Rocky could take them all, beating them on the forearms, on the shoulders until he wore them down and knocked them out.

"Yeah, I still fish," he responded to the next query, "but not as much as I used to. I've found that after you've caught a good percentage of every kind

of deep-sea fish, interest wanes. I've gone into dry-dy, which is really a little more entertainment and more relaxation because you're always fishing in a different environment. All the streams are different. Conditions vary. Fishing, like golf, is a sport that makes you forget all about your other problems which is why I like it.

"I play more golf than anything else these days, and I find I'm spending more and more of my time in Palm Springs, which never appealed to me too much before because it was just a resort, but since they built those two fine golf courses, Thunderbird and Tamarisk, it's become more attractive to me."

Crosby, whose handicap vacillates between 3 and 4, belongs to more than a dozen golf courses throughout the world. Phil Harris, Randolph Scott, Dean Martin, Fred Astaire, Gordon MacRae, Bob Hope, Desi Arnaz are some of the personalities who play out of Thunderbird and comprise the Crosby foursomes.

"My golf game?" he repeated. "Nothing's as uninteresting as the other fellow's golf game—at least in my group that's the attitude but, O.K., since you asked for it."

His light blue eyes twinkling, he stood up, stretched a little, tipped the brown felt hat back further on his brow, and took a couple of practice swings. Restricted in his jacket, he removed it, murmuring, "I'm helpless playing in a rain jacket. I feel like I'm trying to play out of a diving bell."

He took a couple more practice swings until he found one he liked: smooth, cohesive, compact.

"My best shots are off the tee," he said. "I'm not very long, but I'm generally on the fairway. I can control a hook or slice pretty well, if I need one. I'm a pretty good chipper." Getting into position, he hunched his shoulders, flexed his knees, put his feet close together.

"I use a seven-iron for this shot when it's five or six feet off the green. If it's a little further back, I generally slip down to a chipping wedge. Play it off the back foot, this way, close the face and give a little bite to the ball."

The imaginary wedge shot he took must have come awfully close to the pin, for, rather pleased with himself, he grinned and sat down again.

"I like golf," he said earnestly. "Golf has been very good to me, and I'm grateful. Being a fair player, it has been possible for me, anywhere I go all over the world, to establish associations and friendships and to entertain

myself in a healthy, relaxing exercise. As a fellow who travels quite a great deal, this has always seemed important to me. I can always find a golf game, whether it's in Ponce de Leon or Popocatepetl. I compliment myself, also, that, though approaching my mid-50s, I can still make a decent showing in competitive golf. I don't know any other sport where this could be possible. But I suppose I'm most grateful to golf because, through the years, it has provided such a wonderful relief from tensions, from the problems of show business. I've found that the golf links is not a place for brooding or soul-wrestling. You leave all that on the first tee, and you feel a lot better when you come in."

That he would admit to "brooding tensions and soul-wrestling" was indeed a revelation, because for years Crosby has only let the world see what he wanted it to see—the casual, care-free crooner. A stoically self-disciplined man, the fact that he can find release in golf is a double blessing, not only for him, but for the game itself. For he has added to it.

"I've had two holes in one," he went on happily, "on a par 3 at Bel Air, about a 150-yard hole, and the other on the famous 14th hole at Cypress Point in Pebble Beach—to my mind the most beautiful golf course in the world. I used a full drive. On the day this happened, a friend of mine was watching me play the hole from the clubhouse with a pair of field glasses. Now Cypress Point is a club where on weekdays maybe eight or 10 people show up, but when this friend of mine looked through his binoculars and saw the ball go in the hole, he got on the telephone. When I finished playing and came into the clubhouse, there were about 150 people there.

"Of course, I had to pick up all the tabs and that little exploit cost me about \$300. But it's it though, I'd like to do it again."

His daydream brought him back to reality. "Gee, it's late." He sat up and looked at his watch. "Some people are waiting for me at home, and I'm going to run that picture of mine after dinner."

He grabbed his brown jacket and put it on. "If there's anything else you want, let me know."

Then Bing Crosby swept open the office door and hurried down the hall, the brown hat atop his head, the yellow shirt flapping beneath the jacket, a millionaire sportsman-singer in a hurry to get the rest of his work done so he could relax. (CRO)

TIP FROM THE TOP

from JOE KNESPER

Higfield Country Club, South Euclid, Ohio



ESPECIALLY FOR BEGINNERS AND HIGH SCORERS

A golfer must picture and must feel the golf swing as a unit—one completely connected effort, not a series of conscious details. Correct posture at address makes it possible to coordinate the hands and body so that they will supplement each other rhythmically during your swing rather than set up blocks against each other.

At address the golfer should be one interrelated package. The shaft, the left wrist, the left arm and shoulder are fused together, none of them stretched stiffly away from the body. With the right hand necessarily lower than the left on the shaft, it is essential that the body accommodate this fact: the hips must open slightly toward the target, with the shoulders parallel or slightly closed to the line of flight, the right shoulder riding slightly lower than the left. The right arm will be slightly bent, the upper part fairly close to the body. The knees, of course, must be flexed in order to enable you to place the clubhead behind the ball and square to the target.

This blended address makes for a swing in which the various parts will blend their movements. But beginners and poor golfers run their chance for a blended swing when they stretch the club, hands and arms far out of position at address. Then, during the swing, these various parts work as two or three disconnected and warring elements and not as a unit.



NEXT WEEK: TERL JOHNSON ON CURING TOPPING

ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMYE MCKINLEY

THE SAGA OF '99 PETE'

by BILL MAULDIN



NEWFOUND FRIENDS: MAULDIN, DEAN AND DOUGLAS GIBBS, FATHER-SON DUO

In which a famous flying father engages a crew of three, including two small sons, and sets forth on a joyous Caribbean adventure; of how he learns that two engines are better than one and two boys

more fun than none at all; and of insect bombs and bureaucrats and of a magic document; and finally of a beautiful tropic isle; all of which is detailed here in the first of a three-part chronicle

PART I

BLUE SKIES AND RED TAPE

TWO OF MY favorite sports are flying small airplanes and siring small sons, and a father with growing boys and time-consuming hobbies sooner or later finds himself beginning to neglect one for the other, with appropriate pangs of guilt—or martyrdom.

One day not long ago, as I was spreading the living-room floor with charts, plotters and dividers for a long-planned solo flight around the Caribbean Sea, starting clockwise with the Bahamas, Antilles and West Indies, going across upper South America, through the Canal Zone and Central America, and back across the Yucatan Channel and Cuba, I became aware of several wistful little faces peering over my shoulder. Two of them, Andrew, aged 8, and David, 6, seemed unusually pale for the season, having missed out on camp this year.

I pointed out the course to them, explaining how the time comes to every amateur pilot when, like the Sunday sailor yearning to bust out of Long Island Sound, he feels the call of open seas and faraway lands—and how Nature has thoughtfully provided the Caribbean route, with islands nicely spaced a hundred miles or so apart, so that, as lower-case Lindberghs can get all this out of our systems without being utter damn fools.

"Gee, Daddy, be careful and have a good time," Andy said, wide-eyed and sincere.

"Send us some pictures, huh?" said David. "We'll look at 'em and pretend we're there, too."

They made me miserable. The thing had to be reached once and for all. I went out and got hold of two more passports and a family-size airplane, revised the emergency-ration list to include Yostite Rolls and condensed milk, and started packing a small medicine kit with such juvenile necessities as star-spangled Band-aids and Kao-

pectate. The boys' mother lent me a hand and the kit grew to 23 pounds.

I also took on a co-pilot, a friend named George Moffett, who had recently taken up flying and was a student pilot with 29 hours in his log-book. I learned some time ago never to choose a co-pilot on the basis of professional ability. Students are anxious to add time to their books and are grateful for the opportunity to hang on the controls for hours at a time while you twiddle knobs, tune radios, read charts, nap and save your strength for landings and take-offs. I was sure that Moffett would not question any of my decisions and would regard my every mistake as a mystery, deliberate, crafty bit of airman's art. (I might add, in retrospect, he seldom let me down.)

The airplane was a Piper Apache, one of the new "light twin" types, with two 160-hp engines, the cabin dimensions of a station wagon, the short-field virtues of a small plane and the performance and fittings of a big one. Its number was N-2286P; in the lingo of the airways, therefore, it was casually known as "99 Pete." I was not used to such luxuries as hydraulic flaps, controllable-pitch propellers or even retractable landing gear—to say nothing of two whole engines. I spent a week at the factory getting checked out in the thing, and they finally pronounced me competent, or at least capable. But at the time of our departure it still seemed like a lot of airplane to me.

George did not "ride shotgun," as Andy and David called co-piloting, on the first leg of our voyage. For some reason or other which escapes me now, I must have promised this honor to Andy as he was helping me check over our survival gear at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. When I had finished signing oaths at customs that I wouldn't sell the plane abroad for hostile military purposes, had made a final gas check

and had climbed aboard, the child was perched beside me with the take-off check list in his hand. I describe the following performance because it pretty well sets the tone of the whole trip.

"Don't miss a single item," I told him. "Not even the most experienced crew depends on their memories."

"Roger," he said with a sidelong glance at a couple of adoring kids at the gas pump. "Master switch on."

"Master on," I repeated.

"Parking brake on."

"Brake on."

"Radio off."

"Radio off."

MEANWHILE, David, in the back seat with George, was burning. A very competitive-type younger brother and a dashing sort, he was glowering out from under his treasured "brain bucket," a huge, genuine, white Air Force crash helmet with built-in earphones, which almost toppled him as every step but had to be pried off him at bedtime.

"Daddy, why did you say radios off?" David asked. "Andy already said radios off."

"Shut up," I said.

"Fuel on mains," Andy intoned.

"Daddyyyyy," came from the brain bucket, "why can't I read a check list too?"

"Because you can't read big words, yaaaaah," his brother snapped. "Crossfeed off."

"Crossfeed off. You don't have to be sneaky to him. You couldn't read as late as his age."

"O.K., O.K. Electric fuel pumps on."

"Daddyyyyy," wailed David, "I forgot to do something."

"Tut-tut, hurry up!" I roared, unlatching the door. Short-range boys in long-range airplanes were an old story

continued

'99 PETER

retailer

to me, and I brought along the appropriate crockery, but right now it was buried somewhere in the baggage.

"I mean I forgot to ask you something. Will my earphones fit any of your radios?"

"Prisoners looked . . ." Andy said.

Somewhere along the line I failed to complete the hydraulic check and inadvertently made a full-flap take-off—a memorable experience in a heavily loaded airplane, somewhat akin to dragging a ball and chain. We were 10 miles out toward the Bahamas before I got things all pulled in and cleaned up and started gaining some altitude.

"Gee, Andy," David chirped as we dived him up on a large Dramamine, "you could have got us in trouble."

While David's pill was dissolving I piped all hands for a ditching drill. The kids were wearing regular Mae Wests, George and I carried little pack-at-size plastic packages which blow up when you squeeze them, and behind the back seat was a two-man raft, partly inflated but flexible enough to pass easily through the door. (We had heard all this gear was rentable in Florida and, sure enough, it was, but it was weary, battered old war-surplus stuff and the rentals were so exorbitant that we actually saved money on our three-week trip by going out and buying everything new.)

"If we should have to belly onto the water," I told George, "you open the door just before contact and stick your foot or some other large object in the crack so pressure won't seal it if we go under. Of course, we'll probably float and have time to do everything calmly. But if we should be sinking, we'll throw the boys out first, then the raft, then the canteen and other stuff."

"I think we ought to throw the raft out before the boys," George said. "I'd hate to think of all those bare little legs dangling for the sharks."

"Harracuda, too," David said, sleepily. "They got all kinds of toothy fish down here."

"What'll really happen," said Andy, "is that you'll bang your head on the instruments and me and Dave'll have to throw you out."

"Maybe I ought to lend Daddy the brain bucket," David said, touching me deeply. Then he added in a peevish tone, "No, George oughta have it. He's nearest the door."

"Another important thing to remember. . . ." I began, but Andy cut me off.

"What happens if somebody gets a

hand or foot caught getting out and the plane is sinking?" he asked.

"That's what we got the machete for, stupid," said David, and he went to sleep on Moffett's shoulder. The drill was getting spookier than the real thing, and we had no more of them.

The most important papers you can carry in an airplane touring the Caribbean are not maps or personal documents, but half a ream or so of General Declarations. These are long, involved forms which must be filled out before every landing and every take-off, wherever you go, with complete information about the aircraft, its past and future travels, and its contents, human and otherwise. Some airports demand only three copies; others must have three dozen. One of the reasons airlines carry big crews is to fill out General Declarations, and if you don't have at least a co-pilot to help, you need a lot of carbon paper.

CAPTAIN, let me give you a tip," said an affable fellow in Air Traffic Control at Oakes Field in Nassau. "Didn't that redheaded chap and the two little boys cooling their heels in the passenger room for Customs and Immigration come in with you?"

I said they had. (It feels good to be called captain.)

"Well, for heaven's sake, man, you private pilots have to put up with the same red tape as airline crews; why don't you take the same advantages? Here, take all your General Debs and list all your people as crew."

"The kids, too?"

"All of 'em. It will expedite things no and wherever you go."

"What if somebody questions a 6-year-old and a 6-year-old as crew?"

"Who's going to question the captain's choice of crew? That's his responsibility. Besides, all anyone wants is some paper to file. Thousands of families in the tropics are supported by civil servants who need useless documents to file. Do you want them to starve? Now, list your crew."

With some misgivings, I presented one of the amended documents to the Customs and Immigration officer, who glanced briefly at us and prepared to stamp the paper.

"Oh, boy," said Andy. "Did you list me as navigator? That's next to co-pilot, isn't it?"

"Then I'm co-pilot?" David belated, and immediately found himself sprawling on the floor.

"We won't talk about it any more," said Andy, quietly dusting his hands.

"I believe, sir," said Customs and

Immigration, peering over his spectacles at David, "that you are the one listed as flight engineer and radio operator. These are two ranks instead of one, and seem quite fitting with that headgear"—he indicated the brain bucket—"and that bit of grease I see under your left ear."

We stopped in at Meteorology to check weather to the southeast. I wanted to go to San Salvador Island next day and show the kids where Columbus had landed.

"There seems to be a frontal system just to the east of here," I said.

"What? Oh, no?" the man was appalled. "Just a slight low. Be all cleared out tomorrow."

We checked in at the Pilot House Club, a pleasant place full of yachtsmen and their families—it turned out the name has a strictly seafaring connotation—and during the afternoon my boys got very thick with two young ladies whose father owned a big yacht.

The foursome swam, frolicked and ate together; it was obvious that Andy and David, who seldom bother with girls, were angling for a ride on the boat. They did fine until Andy said his Daddy would be glad to take everybody up in his airplane.

"Airplane?" The eldest girl looked at me as if scales had fallen from her eyes.

"He has an airplane with engines and things?"

"Well, sure; he's a pilot. Isn't this a pilot club?"

"Oh, good gosh!" This was really too much for her.

"Airplanes," the little sister announced, "make smelly."

"It's O.K., Daddy," Andy comforted me later. "They were just girls."

Next day we were at Oakes Field, all parked, and in Meteorology I found the frontal system still sitting on San Salvador. Again the man insisted it was but a passing trifle. We went back to the club; Nassau is a splendid place to get weathered in even if they won't admit it's weather. On the third day San Salvador was still blocked and we decided to reroute. I asked about conditions toward Jamaica, across Cuba. That was out of the meteorologist's domain; he freely admitted things were sort of messy down that way, but still flyable.

"Now let me get this right," Moffett said. "I'm a student trying to learn. It's crummy and flyable there, and pretty good but not flyable in the Bahamas."

"That is approximately correct." The man didn't bat an eye.

It was crummy to the south, all

WE WAIT ON THE GROUND

'99 PETE'

continued



REDTONE ROUTINE A quiet, civilly as Pap-pete's son, 12, (left) and brother, 14,



AIRPORT ROUTINE The 14-year-old and David are patiently taking in local culture while father Bill, somewhere else, checks conditions with the weatherman.



STANGAR ROUTINE Includes tedious waxing and polishing of the airplane which, as David might know, is important because it can add up to 4 mph to plane's speed.

berth so the odor would linger when inspectors sniffed. But this man had fired upon sighting the whites of our eyes. And he gave us another drenching, in spite of my pleading. It was the nearest we came to free refreshments in Jamaica.

"And now your aircraft papers, please," said the man. "Your passengers will find Immigration in that building."

"You will please empty the aircraft of all contents and open your bags," said an older fellow with the jewels and sad eyes of a Woodhouse. "I am Customs."

"But this isn't where we're going," Andy said.

"You seem to be lost," the old man said, favoring the child with a sour look.

"Daddy and George only wanted a planter's punch and me and Andy want a Pepsi," David said. "Besides, mister, isn't this England? We just came from England."

George tried one last play. "You said passengers a minute ago. We are all crew. I am co-pilot, that fellow is navigator and that short one there is flight engineer." David nodded vigorous confirmation.

Here was an acid test of the validity of the kindly Nassau official's advice. It worked!

"Very well," the man said, verifying it by checking our crew manifest on the General Declaration. "Please remain by your aircraft."

HE LEFT. A half hour went by, and the asphalt under our feet melted from mud to soup. The kids crawled under the Apache's wing, the only shade available, and sat sipping the warm remnants of our emergency water, poking finger holes in the asphalt, and staring at a soft-drink and sandwich stand not a hundred feet away. We beckoned several times at waiters, but nobody noticed.

Two salesmen from competing oil companies strolled by and asked if we cared for any petrol. We did, and I had credit cards for both companies. There was a slight difficulty though. The Apache's engines were designed for 80-87 octane gas; only one of the men had that kind, and he decided, after examining my credit card, that he preferred cash. It was too much for Moffett. He was reduced to muttering something about how things can change in a few years.

The other salesman handled 100-120 octane, which the airlines use, and of course it turned out that he would honor my card with his company, but he doubted that we would care to pour his explosive brew into our plane's delicate pepper pots. It is indicative of our state of mind that after only a slight hesitation we told him to fill 'er up.

"Hey, look, George," Andy cried, as a big Pan American plane roared in and was met at the ramp by a bevy of white coats bearing trays of tall, frosted planter's punches.

"It's a dream," Moffett said. "This is the stuff my dreams are made of."

"We're in the wrong place," Andy suggested.

"What? Haven't you emptied the aircraft for me?" Customs had returned.

Figuring we had nothing to lose, we found his superior and appealed to him, explaining that we had come from Nassau, were now trying to make Kingston by dark, and would only have to empty the plane again there.

"It's all the same country," David explained.

"Ah, and you say nothing has been taken from the aircraft?"

"No, sir," we said in unison.

"But why do it here when you must do it again in Kingston?"

"That's the idea," we said. "That's what we were trying to say to this gentleman here."

"You may go," he said, and I swear there were genuine tears in the bloodhound's eyes—not of frustration or rage, but of sadness at the perfidy of man. We had gone over his head without even stepping behind his back.

"Daddy," David said as we flew away, "why do we have to be talking to policemen all the time?"

Red tape aside, however, we found Jamaica a generally rewarding place, and perhaps the fact that we had to pay hard cash for them made the planter's punches taste much better. But this was our first and last impulsive landing of the trip. There is something intoxicating about the freedom of soaring around those innocent-looking little tropical isles, but you quickly learn that you're an eagle only while your wings are flapping. An airplane on the ramp down there is all too often just an insect on dyppaper, and it is best not to land unless you are all through with flying for the day.

FROM JAMAICA to Puerto Rico is about 700 miles as the crow flies, by way of Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Unfortunately, we were un-

able to go like crows. It is illegal to land in or overfly either of these countries without proper clearances, issued by their diplomatic officials in your country. And so we veered well to the south, keeping in mind the story of the fellow in the Beech Bonanza who infringed on the five-mile territorial limit, was intercepted and forced down at Ciudad Trujillo airport by a Dominican fighter plane, and the first thing they did to him there was fix him \$50 for landing without proper clearances.

We were pushed even farther south by a series of thunderstorms which kept rolling down off Hispaniola's Cordillera Central and marching 30 miles or so out to sea, as if to greet us. All this, plus some haze in the air, was enough to keep us well out of sight of land for the entire trip, which now stretched to almost 800 miles. There were a few radio beacons listed along our track, but I was unable to raise any at the moment, possibly because of the electrical storms.

HAPPILY for me, I enjoy flying by dead reckoning. I whipped out my computer—one of those complex little circular slide rules with wind-drift grids on the back which are generally feared by beginners and hated by professionals—and asked Moffett to come up front and fly while I figured. He looked at me, at the computer and at the murky ocean sliding below, and for the first time I saw a slight apprehension in his face.

"George," I told him, "I like navigating better than any other part of flying. I collect computers as a hobby. I may be one of the few pilots alive who amuses himself by working out alternate airport problems in the bathtub."

"Please don't try it today," he replied, and I realized I had said the wrong thing.

My only concern at first was fuel. Eight hundred miles is a long way, and, thanks to Montego Bay, we were still burning 160-130 octane, diluted only slightly by some milder juice with which we'd topped off the tanks at Kingston. We climbed to 8,000 feet, cut our air speed to an indicated 120 mph, which gave us a true 140, leaned the engines almost to the coughing point, and watched consumption on the auxiliary tanks, saving the mains. The Apache not only drank the high-proof stuff like a lady, but she drank it sparingly. At our present rate, we would get to Puerto Rico with a healthy two-hour reserve, barring a severe shift in the wind, which was now favoring us slightly.

In fact, after I was able to pick up a couple of radio fixes and verify our speed and position, I laid the computer down to cool and remarked that things were getting downright boring.

I think Moffett and I remembered Andy and David at the same instant. There hadn't been a peep out of them in hours. We both whirled in our seats with the sharp reflexes of fathers to whom silence is always on toes (George has two daughters). The rear of the plane was a glorious blaze of color from the jackets of more comic books than I had ever seen in one place.

There were exactly 100, in fact, and none of them duplicates. Unknown to us, the boys had slipped into a Florida newsstand with \$5 apiece, which their doting mother had given them—"so they'll have something of their own to spend and can feel independent!"—and cleaned the place out. To this day I don't know how they smuggled 100 comic books aboard and kept it a secret all through the Bahamas and Jamaica.

George weakened first, about 420 miles from Puerto Rico.

"I'm going to knock off for a while," he said. "Must be the altitude." He climbed into the rear, sending David up as a replacement on the controls, and for a few minutes had the tact to lie back against the seat and doze. Shortly, he was engrossed in *Looney Tunes* and *Sylvestor*. The next time I looked it was *Batman* and *Robin*.

I gave George an hour, checked our speed and drift, made 2° heading corrections, put him back to work and retired to the reading room myself.

"Hi, Daddy," said Andy. "Let's not read 'em up too fast. No telling when we'll find new ones."

By the time the huge runway at Ramey Air Force Base, on the western tip of Puerto Rico, loomed out of the haze, we had picked up a headwind and burned some reserve fuel. We could still make San Juan with a half hour to spare, but I like to have a little more than that. I called Ramey tower for landing instructions, although with some misgivings. It is a Strategic Air Command base, and in the States SAC has about the same reputation for hospitality to uninvited guests in private planes as has the Dominican Republic. I hoped SAC's attitude, at least, would prove softened by the mellow atmosphere of the tropics.

"Way, sure, 39 Five," the tower said. "You're No. 2 for a left-hand pattern on runway eight. Your traffic is a B-36 on a simulated instrument approach. Do you have him in sight?"

continued

'99 PETE'

continued

Did we have him in sight? In the words of David McAllister, a jet pilot who also once found himself under a B-38: "I looked up and there was this aluminum overcast."

All of Ramsey turned out to be as friendly as the voice from the tower. The least courteous thing about the place was the fact that the sign on the yellow Follow Me truck didn't say please. (It is an interesting commentary on youth in our air age, by the way, that Andy and David begged for and got a ride in the back of this vehicle and talked about it for the rest of the trip.)

We taxied behind the truck past rows of grim, glittering multijetted behemoths, and Moffett suggested that perhaps the friendliness was due to the fact that small American planes were a rarity down here. At that point we turned a corner and there was a regular sort of gaily painted Cessnas, Aerocrafts and Beebuces. The Apache looked like a diver among them.

"Our aero club," one of the members explained proudly.

As we weekly quipped something about an airman's holiday, they sold us a 50-gallon drum of super-octane gas, at cost, pumped it into our tanks for us, inspected our plane with gen-

uine interest, commented favorably on our plushy upholstery and fancy paint job, and waved us on our flag-limpated way.

IN FACT, Puerto Rico itself turned out to be one of the pleasant surprises of the trip. We had originally scheduled it as merely an overnight stop, being anxious to investigate that mess of all red-blooded American boys, the Virgin Islands. But we were held up at San Juan for a couple of days by a carburetor adjustment on our right engine and, having nothing better to do, we rented a car and went exploring.

After sampling a fair portion of the island's mountain scenery, rain forests, farms, towns and beaches (Andy and David had a bath almost every day of our 10,000-mile journey and seldom went near a tub), we decided that the only things Hawaii has that Puerto Rico lacks is an overabundance of tourists, uniforms and high prices. Even in San Juan a dollar goes a long way. We used the old downtown airport and found a nice hotel within walking distance. A block away was a modern cafeteria with big \$3.49 breakfasts. In the town of Caguas we had four steak dinners for \$5, including tip.

This indicates more people than jobs, and surely accounts for the mass migrations of Puerto Ricans to New

York. But the remaining ones were so friendly to us—they called us "continentals," as the Hawaiians do—that we were almost embarrassed, for of course we were unhardened old travelers by this time and were cheerfully taking advantage of the economic situation without troubling ourselves too much about the sociological aspects. The kids even found comics at a knock-down price and added several dozen more to their library before noticing that half of them were in Spanish.

When we finally did strike out for the Virgin Islands—somewhat reluctantly by this time—all four of us boarded the Apache wearing nothing but our swimming trunks.

"If that's how much confidence you've got in my work," said the mechanic who'd fixed our carburetor, "I resent the hell out of it. Besides, that thing flies O.K. on one engine."

"We're just going swimming at St. Thomas," I reassured him.

"Well, you ought to put on a shirt, at least. All the Customs and Immigration people have moved to the big new airline terminal east of town, with lots of plate-glass walls and indoorilly ponds. They've gotten kind of formal."

"Oh," I said stupidly, "you mean we have to go through all that for a 75-mile hop to the Virgin Islands? I thought that was part of the United States, too."

THE FLIGHT LOG OF "99 PETE": FIRST LEG

FIRST LEG: Broward County Intl. Airport, Fort Lauderdale, to West End Airt., Grand Bahama I. 70 mi. E (all distances statute miles). U.S. Customs & Immigration (hereafter called C&I) departure procedure quick and simple. Smallpox certificate needed for reentry; also yellow fever certificate for re-entry if going to certain South and Central America areas. Essential carry copy of current International Flight Information Manual (C&I) and Radio Facility Charts & In-Flight Data for Caribbean & South America (C&I) for this and other rules and vital data. West End Airt. smooth, partly surfaced, two runways, 90-144 octane fuel. No hangar space; tie-down space with some cages. Essential carry own tie-down equipment in Caribbean. All Bahamian C&I fast and friendly. Hotel in Grand Bahama Club, \$44 per passenger by taxi. Hotel making big pitch for private flats from U.S. with swimming, fishing, new golf course. About \$28. North American aviation gasoline price 94¢ per U.S. gallon through Caribbean, S. & C. America, when credit cards used. Shell, Esso, Texaco principal suppliers for entire route. (Get International credit card from each. Domestic cards not honored. Fully to pay



cash.) Check ahead for current small-airport facilities at major terminals in area, e.g., San Juan for Virgin Is.

SECOND LEG: To Oakes Intl. Airt., Nassau, 120 mi. SE, passing Berry Is. en route. (Note: Oakes has closed since few weeks ago. Use Nassau Intl. formerly Windsor Airt. Nassau tower VHF 121.1, paved runway, all octanes, all facilities.)

Nassau expensive like Florida but much nicer, more to see and do; worth it if you've got it. We stayed at Pilot House Club, about \$22 each. Other places from Royal Victoria Hotel, \$24, to British Colonial, \$20. (Remember, food included in these averages, whether European or American plan.) Car rentals about \$10 daily. Stun Flamingo; Rock Sound Club, Eleuthera I.,

"Sure it is," said David, who'd been keeping up with his geography, "but we'd better talk to the policeman anyway. David."

And so we took off, quickly switched tower frequencies, left our landing gear extended, and in three minutes came down at the other airport. One hour later (Immigration held us up longest, frowning at our attire) we were airborne again, and half an hour after that we were going through Customs and Immigration at St. Thomas. And when our swim was over we had to be properly checked and annotated again, by the same man, for our take-off.

By the time we started south from the Virgin Islands we were just about fed up to the ears with the tedious and pointless folderol attached to taking a private airplane into the Caribbean. After all, the main advantage of this sort of flying is its freedom—take away the megasurprise landing and what have you got? You might as well buy a ticket on an airliner. In fact, we reflected bitterly, we hadn't been to a single place off the scheduled route of major airlines.

Heading down the leeward chain from St. Maarten, we came to a tiny, oval-shaped volcanic island, almost as high as it was wide, sticking out of the sea about 19 miles west of Antigua. Its name on the map was Montserrat, which sounded pretty, and so we did.



'99 PETE'

continued

calico and jeans. The native youngsters were so cooperative about posing that when he had finished George wanted to give them a present, too. He found that Andy and David had long since eaten our emergency Tostito Rolls, so he offered the kids a shiny half dollar.

"What you please here?" demanded the eldest, a boy about 12.

"American. Half dollar."

The boy frowned suspiciously at it, passed it around among the younger ones, and they dropped, too.

"No good here," said a bare-buttored lad of 7 or 8.

"Why, it's worth a couple of shillings or so," George protested.

"Shillings?" They stared at the crazy fool. If he'd said suppers or thrupences . . . but shillings! The half dollar went sailing into the bushes. A naked girl of a girl scrambled after the pretty button and clutched it to her.

"Bill," said Moffett with awe in his voice. "I don't think very many travelers got around this way."

"You're quite wrong about that."

Frank DeLisle had driven up—a large and very British man in a very small British station wagon. "Montserrat," he declared, "is a regular stop on the schedule of Leeward Islands Air Transport, Ltd."

Looking back at the strip we'd just landed on, I was a little skeptical about all this. But he wasn't kidding. He turned out to be a co-founder and partner in the ownership of the airline. As he looked over our plane's accessories with professional interest, I asked him what kind of equipment he flew. Leeward Islands Air Transport, DeLisle told me, consists of two Apaches.

"Come along now," he said, somehow carrying us all into the tiny car and heading up the side of a cliff. "We'll go to my place for a spot of something."

"Hey, Daddy," Andy bellowed to me, "what about Customs and Immigration?"

"Oh, dear, yes," Frank stopped the car halfway up the steep cliff. "You don't happen to have a General Deco on you? Not essential, but convenient."

I passed him one from the large bundle I still held ready for Montserrat. He disappeared into a nearby cottage and came back almost immediately.

"Well, so much for that," he said, letting out his clutch with a spray of gravel. We gawked at each other in the back seat. Now we were living!

It took half an hour to cross the is-



IT'S DEPENDABLY BEACH BEACH FOR THE BEST LUNCH AND BEACHES STAPLED TO SOMETHING

land we had circled in five minutes. Frank poured us a drink at his house and showed us how he had run a couple of miles of three-inch pipe up the side of the volcano, tapping a spring whose water pressure spun a turbine which made electricity for everything from a light set to a home freezer. The water also supplied sugar-sold soda and filled a large pond which was stocked with lively and toothsome cooking fish.

Our host poured another drink and introduced us to Mrs. DeLisle and her two likable daughters, who were just about Andy's and David's age.

"Gee whiz," David gawked at my car when we got a chance, "why don't we meet some boys our size on this trip?"

The girls were quiet, demure and didn't get much of a rise out of their guests until they led them to the pond and taught them to catch fish with a bent pin—explaining that hooks were hardly sporting under the circumstances. They took the boys swimming at a beach with marvelous, jet-black volcanic sand and amethyst canthors.

"I will never pass in another girl's face until I get to know her better," David swore later.

We spent a charming evening with

the DeLises and their friends, went sightseeing and swimming the next morning and found the cloud which had first attracted us to the island was partly volcanic and partly atmospheric. On our way back to the plane we were met by a small delegation—perhaps half a village—including the kids who'd spent the half dollar. A village-elder, wise and well traveled, had seen it in the little girl's hand, confiscated it, taken it to the other elders for consultation, and finally declared it an actually having some indeterminate value. They just wanted us to know that they had taken the money seriously, despite the children's earlier behavior. The little girl was not available for comment.

We would never have found Montserrat without the airplane, and one Montserrat makes up for a thousand bursacrata. Andy crawled into the baggage compartment and sprawled out on the half-inflated rubber boat with his comics. George spread maps in car back seat. David sat up front still trying to make his earphones plug into the automatic direction finder, and we set off for Trinidad and South America, once again in rapport with our machine.

NEXT WEEK: HOW NOT TO GO TO JAIL

In which the crew of *'99 Pete*, winging over southward, has a harsh brush with authority in Venezuela, some near-misses with tropical storms and almost declares an emergency in Panama

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Is New York City doomed to be a one-team major league baseball town?*

AUGUST A. BUCH JR.



*President
St. Louis Cardinals*

Although the National League made a great stride in pioneering its expansion to the West Coast, it would be to our advantage to have a franchise in the country's largest city. New York certainly can't be expected to be a one-team town, and I'm hoping that our league will one day again operate there.

BOB CARPENTER JR.



*President
Philadelphia Phillies*

No. A modern and accessible park with adequate parking is of the utmost importance. Neither is presently available in New York, thus forcing the Giants and Dodgers to move. Today, the size of a city is no longer the key factor in the most desirable site for a major league franchise.

HORACE STOWENHAM



*President
San Francisco Giants*

No. There probably will be another team in New York within three or four years. New York is too big a city and too wonderful a town to be a one-team city. When New Yorkers get around to building a modern stadium with adequate parking, I'm sure an other team will join them.

(continued)

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HOTBOX

continued

GEORGE M. WEISS



General manager
New York Yankees

It's going to be difficult and a great operation. Two teams have moved out of New York. Another must build a costly modern stadium with proper facilities. It must pay taxes on the Yankees do. However, regardless of what happens, the Yankees will act in the best interests of baseball.

BRANCH RICEY



Chairman of the Board
Pittsburgh Pirates

Yes, and it is most regrettable. The greatest city in the world should be included in each major league. If the American League accepts the National League's plan of New York now, it can be all time. Something has to be done about it now. Otherwise, New York's only hope is in a third league.

WARREN G. GILES



President
National League

Eventually there will be a National League team in New York. It's a good sports town. Some day it will have adequate facilities. We can go back to Brooklyn any time, but we can return to New York only with in one year. After that it is subject to the O.K. of the American League.

FORD FRICK



Commissioner of
Baseball

I see no immediate prospect of a National League team moving into New York, but I'd certainly hate to say "Never." For one thing, where would a team play? Eventually there will be more major league clubs, possibly 12 in each league. We may have a third league. New York will be included.

BUZZY BAYANI



Vice-President
Los Angeles Dodgers

Absolutely not. It's inconceivable that the National League in particular and baseball in general will give up a metropolitan area of 15 million. Most of us in baseball are positive that the two leagues will expand to 18 or 19 clubs in the near future. New York will get one or possibly two teams.



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TOUGH JUNIORS

Rugged training and long hours are paying off with a generation of new skiers who will be hard to beat.

The handsome young men and women shown on this and the following pages represent a solid investment in the skiing future of the U.S. Literally reared on the slopes where they are now making names for themselves, they have been brought along under the kind of

rigorous regimen that ultimately won world championships for skaters of a decade earlier. Minnesota's Clyde Brodt (below), California's Starr Walton and a raft of other juniors, already as good as most seniors, will be pushed to beat some the 1940 Olympians.



MANISHA FLITCHER, 14, Rutland, Vt., is a self-proclaimed doomsday and diary.



JOHN CLOUGH, 16, New London, N.H., finished sixth last year in Junior Combined.



ROBERT GIFFORD, 14, Scarborough, Maine, is ranked among top three all in the East.

CLYDE BREAST, 15, Minneapolis, a consistent winner in local jumping during past three years, despite his youth came in 32nd in first try at National Juniors last year.



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TOUGH JUNIORS

1997a, 1997b)



GIANK McFOW, 15, Mammoth Mt., Calif., was third in Memorial Race against seniors.



JUAN SANCHEZ, 15, Lakewood, Colo., won 1957 Girls National Soccer championship.



BHIST WHITEDIAN, 10, Yildirim Valley, Marmara, comes from arid old family.



When every drive's
a hook or slice
it's time to cut in.

Boca Raton

HOTEL AND CLUB

Figure 1. Seasonal change in the

Slamin' Sam Sneed
is here

supervising her husband
 18.41a: *supervising* *marital*
 18.41b: *supervising* *marital*
 18.41c: *supervising* *marital*

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essence of
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in 80 ways**



... and every one is an admirer of his own continent, ... on the beautiful tropical island of Kure. Because there can have delighted ourselves without seriousness, ... for it is not by accident that, far from distant islands, Hawaii, at last, can our most every pleasant drives on personal happenings - terms, rules of conduct and beauty - 2 pass - superb food, beautiful, industrial cities and best known, and looking the beauty of it, the world's most 9 hole Park in Port golf courses, and enjoy it all in the perfect tranquillity of a tropical island. Interested? Then let us send the details. Bob Neale, Managing Director

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR:
OFF THE BENCH AND PUNCHING

Sirs:

Congratulations to Sports Illustrated on its fine and wise selection of Stan Musial as Sportsman of the Year (SI, Dec. 23).

Mr. O'Neill did justice to Stan's all-around athletic abilities in his wonderful article.

Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle and Hank Aaron can all speak of their own accomplishments but don't own the combination of durability, temperateness, unflinching team support and Christian meekness that characterized Stan Musial.

DENNIS REARD

St. Louis

Sirs:

With reference to your selection of Sportsman of the Year 1951—"This was your finest hour."

DAVID BAKER

Moline, Ill.

Sirs:

No one in the field of sports exemplifies fair play and all-around sportsmanship more than does Stan the Man.

H. P. HALLACK

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

It was the best choice; the only choice. Well done.

BROTHER JOHN NICHOLLS, C.S.C.
Austin, Texas

HUNGARIAN ATHLETES: FORWARD
THE 1960 OLYMPICS

Sirs:

I read with interest the letter in 19th HOLE Jan. 6 from the Hungarian National Olympic Team. I thought your readers would like to know that the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village track team has just hired the great Hungarian track coach, Mihaly Igloi, to train our distance runners. As you probably know, Igloi's trained runners have broken 100-meter records. We are confident that Mr. Igloi can do equally well with our S.C.V.V.V. boys and will lead a distance-running team which will give the Russians a real battle in the 1960 Olympics.

The S.C.V.V.V. has also purchased László Tabors, who broke the four-minute mile under Igloi's coaching, to join our club. Jim Lee, the great USC quarter-back and world record holder, is also here. In addition to these two runners, Tim Courtney and Arnie Sowell have expressed an interest in working with Coach Igloi. With this nucleus we hope to orchestrate a revival of interest in middle-distance running, which will enable the United States to dominate these events, for the first time, in the next Olympics.

The hiring of Igloi and the expansion of our track program will call for a larger budget. The Youth Village would sincerely welcome contributions from Sports Illustrated readers who share our interest in the development of outstanding American middle- and long-distance runners.

WALTER E. SCHMIDT, S.J.
Santa Clara, Calif.

• The editors heartily applaud Father Schmidt for giving these fine Hungarians

athletes the opportunity to take root in their adopted country and to make their individually unique contribution to sport. The Santa Clara Valley Youth Village was founded by Father Schmidt in 1946 to provide recreation facilities for the community's young people. Over the years it has become a highly successful community project with a \$300,000 clubhouse and a wide program of sports and recreation. Five years ago, members of the San Francisco Olympic Club track team asked Father Schmidt to sponsor a track team. Although, as always, hard pressed for money, Father Schmidt agreed and the team flourished so successfully that two of its members, High Jumper Vern Wilson and Pole Vaulter George Mattes, made the 1956 U.S. Olympic squad. With the addition of Igloi and Tabors to the Youth Village team, it is quite possible that it will be a real United States track power by next year.

Contributions will be gratefully received and forwarded to Father Walter Schmidt, The Santa Clara Valley Youth Village, Santa Clara, Calif.—ED.

BRIDGE: WHAT'S THE SCORE?

Sirs:

Both my wife and I enjoyed Charles Goren's New Bridge Quiz 81, Dec. 21, except that this time you gave us no opportunity to grade ourselves. Since we did pretty well on the first quiz (SI, Dec. 14) and have been playing the Goren system faithfully ever since, we would dearly like to know whether our score has gone up.

STANLEY HIRSHMAN

New York City

• Charles Goren's second quiz was considerably stiffer than his first one and Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, in company with other contestants, can put themselves on the back if their scores are above 35. On problem 1 a bid of 3 clubs earns 5 points, 4 clubs 1 and 5 clubs zero. Problem 2: 1 club 5 points, 1 spade 3 points, 3 no trump 1 point and 1 no trump zero. Problem 3: 5 diamonds earns 5 points, 3 hearts 4 points, 4 diamonds 3 points and a pass zero. Problem 4: Double 5 points, 2 diamonds 3 points, pass 1 point and any other call zero. Problem 5: 1 no trump 5 points, 1 diamond 3 points, 2 clubs 2 points and 5 clubs zero. Problem 6: Pass earns 5, 2 spades 2, 3 diamonds 1 and 2 no trump 1 point. Problem 7: 6 hearts goes to 5 points, 6 no trump 3 points, 5 hearts 2 points and 4 hearts 1 point. Problem 8: An opening bid of 6 clubs earns 5, 2 clubs 4 and 1 club 1 point. Problem 9: Pass gets 5 points, double 1 point and 2 spades no points. Problem 10: 6 no trump 3 points, 5 diamonds 3 points and 5 spades 1 point. On problems 11, 12 and 13 there can be

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1984 HOLE official

only one correct answer (see page 123, 51, Dec. 23) which adds 5 points to your score. Problem 14, which involved the playing of a whole hand, was analyzed in detail by Mr. Goren and you can grade yourself from 5 to zero depending on your mistakes.—ED.

FOOTBALL: THE CORNERS

Sir:

Thank you for *Clashin' Boudier*, 51, Dec. 23. I wondered if you would hit this mail on the head and I hope this will not be your only attention to this absurdity.

The *Times* Agony took two first-class whippings from two teams that were better than first-class. They were beat "fair and square," make no mistake about that. I also know that there are much greater disappointments than losing a ball game. In this instance, the disappointment the boys surely suffered in seeing their great hero wind up just another loss of time.

The *Times* made much great talk about a man over here. He is a big, handsome guy with a bagful of great wit and charm, but everything he said about character building fell apart at the seams with his journeying journey back to his alma mater in answer to her impoverished plea.

NORMAN REIMAN

Paradise, Tex.

AND:

FRANK BRONKS INTENDED TO STAY THREE YEARS WHEN HE CAME TO MISSOURI BUT THEN IN MISSOURI WHEN HE MET THE HE COULD LEAVE IF HE CHOSE. HIS CONTRACT DID BIND US FOR THREE YEARS BUT NOT FOR.

DAK FUEB

DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

U. OF MISSOURI
COLUMBIA, MO.

● Hm! A fine thing. A contract with the university and an "agreement" with the athletic director.—ED.

CHARACTER BUILDERS:

Sir:

As a former player, high school and college coach and big-time sportsman, I can only say concerning these "character builders," "How times have changed!"

WALLY WOLF

Williamsport, Pa.

AUTUMN BURLESQUE

Sir:

In the November 11 article on High school football Henry Steele Commager, Columbia University's outstanding professor of American history, had the following comment to make:

"High school football is nothing more than a burlesque show on the playing field. We would not expect—we would not permit our daughters to associate the community in a nightclub or burlesque show. There is no reason why we should permit our sons to entertain the community by what are in effect burlesque performances on the playing field."

What solution did Professor Commager offer? The following: "Take away the dollar sign. Be away with paid coaches and the pressure for victory will disappear."

Do away with paid coaches, and you do away with one big hope we have to combat the physical lethargy which seems to have taken hold on so many Americans.

Mr. Coverager apparently doesn't know about the large contribution in this field made by organized athletics. And, unfortunately, men who spend their time working in athletics can't exist without pay.

Do away with paid coaches and you will do away with our greatest natural resource—physical, able youth.

It is impossible for me to see the similarity between a high school football game and a baroque show. I am sure that when President Eisenhower was participating in high school athletics he wasn't killed as Rose La Biesenhower or looked upon by the local community as an extant snit to associate with them in the school. I can hardly imagine a baroque show composed of Biggie Mann, Otto Graham, Donk Walker, Bobby Morrow or Bob Richards.

My suggestion is Professor Coverager is to stick to the field in which he is an authority—history—and discover who fired the first shot at Bull Run.

DAVE LANTON

Greencastle, Ind.

BASKETBALL: NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Sirs:

Regarding your estimate in which conferences play the best basketball (*Playmate That Tell a Story, Special Basketball Issue, Dec. 9*), I realize that not everyone could possibly wind up happy. There are just too many factors to consider to be fair to everyone. However, you do not take into consideration the one most important variable—where were the games played, on the road or at home? The Skyline Conference for years probably has traveled more than any other league in order to get the eastern prestige which is so essential if a team is to rate high in the various polls. For this reason, we do have a mediocre nonconference record, but would other leagues have a finer record if they traveled as much? This season, we play 48 nonconference games on the road and 34 at home. I believe the competition played by the Skyline is far superior to that of the West Coast, Ivy, Ohio Valley, Yankee, Mid-American or Southern. In your graph on the NCAA Tournament, 1946-57, you are penalizing a league for the number of times it has made the playoffs. If a team is good enough to get to the tournament, it should get plus credit. . . . I coached for 10 years in the Big Seven before coming to Utah and can truthfully say that the caliber of basketball here rates fifth that league or any other. . . . And now, after all this complaining, I want to tell you what a swell job your magazine is doing for basketball. . . .

JACK GARDNER
Basketball Coach
University of Utah

Provo, Utah

Every coach worth his salt insists a team is handicapped by at least 10 runs when it plays on the road; few, however, concede those 10 points when they play as hosts. But Coach Undermeyer makes a point. It is a strong argument for greater standardization lighting, floors, seating of spectators & officiating among college basketball conferences.—ED.



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THE WOMEN (Cont'd)

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PUTS ALL THE PIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

PAT ON THE BACK



Robert J. Smith

ELEANOR TENNANT

The kindly old lady standing with her 14-year-old pupil in the sunshine of a La Jolla tennis court is doing what she has done superbly well for over 20 years: drilling an unknown youngster into a fiercely combative tennis champion. "Teach" Tennant's apt pupils have held the U.S. women's championship for 11 out of the 21 years she has coached tennis. Teach adopted Alice Marble at 16, coached her from a baseball-playing tomboy into the most exciting and successful woman player of her generation. After Alice came Pauline Betz, who eventually took every major championship available and, after Pauline, "Little Mo" Connolly, who won so relentlessly and unceasingly, hitting the ball harder than any woman before her, that the tennis world almost felt relief when she retired undefeated in 1955. Teach changed the women's game from defensive maneuvering behind the base line to an all-out attack with aggressive serves, overheads and volleys and methodically developed in

her tender-aged charges a killer instinct to match. "You have to be mean to be a champion," 11-year-old Marion Connolly was told before the '52 Wimbledon finals. "How can you lick someone if you feel friendly toward them?"

Precepts such as this, unrelenting concentration on basic strokes and a motherly attitude toward her girls have made Teach the most successful coach in the game. Ranked third in 1920, Eleanor Tennant later became the first woman to turn professional. She made a name for herself teaching tennis to Hollywood stars with an appreciation of the game's social standing. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and even Groucho Marx learned the game from Teach, and Marion Davies paid her a \$1,000 a month retainer, most of which she used to coach talented unknowns.

Today at 62 Teach is on the courts eight hours a day, six days a week, coaching 95 youngsters, including England's Margaret Lord (above), and keeping an undimmed eye open for a potential Marble, Betz or Connolly.



She's got the family car! (He's got The Hertz Idea)

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